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CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
EVENTS OF THE WEEK	141	REVIEWS:—	
GENERAL SMUTS AND MR. MCNEILL	144	Three Evenings with a Critic. By Percy Lubbock ...	156
THE INFLATION BOGEY AND THE MORAL	144	Two Travellers. By Edmund Blunden	156
THE FINANCE OF THE NEWSPAPER TRUST	145	Taxigraphe. By Herbert Read	157
HOW MUCH HAS GERMANY PAID? By J. M. Keynes ...	146	Joseph Addison and Gilbert Chesterton. By George	
THE CHARACTER OF CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN. By A. G. G.	148	Rylands	158
DRAMATIC ART AND CRAFT. By A. A. Milne	149	Mr. Milne and his Critics. By S. C. R.	160
MARK RUTHERFORD. By Lady Robert Cecil	151	Five Novels. By L. P. Hartley	160
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR. By C. E. Ellington Wright,		The Poet and the Metaphysician. By A. M. Ritchie	162
F. Lavington, William C. Searle, Princess Bibesco,		The Problem of Stabilization	162
Charles Edward Pell, P. W. Martin, Richard Gillbard,		BOOKS IN BRIEF (Forty Years in my Bookshop; Wheel-	
and S. K. Ratcliffe	152	Tracks; The Maritime History of Massachusetts,	
POETRY:—		1783-1860)	164
The Gardener. By Edith Sitwell	154	ARCHITECTURE:—	
THE WORLD OF BOOKS:—		Kingsway and the Commercial Idea. By C. C. V. ...	164
"Arabia Deserta." By Leonard Woolf	155	THE PUBLISHERS' TABLE	166
		FORTHCOMING MEETINGS	168
		THE WEEK'S BOOKS	168

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EVENTS OF THE WEEK

THE frank and courageous words addressed by General Smuts, nominally to the South African Luncheon Club, but actually to the whole civilized world, on Tuesday have called this country and France sharply back to a sense of realities. The fact that the South African Prime Minister was speaking two days before Mr. Baldwin's speech at Plymouth has an obvious significance. It is noteworthy that while at one dinner General Smuts was recalling that President Coolidge had reverted to the Hughes suggestion of a general conference, with American participation, on the Reparation problem, the American Ambassador at another dinner not a quarter of a mile away was declaring that America was willing to come in as soon as she was asked. That similarity of view is qualified by one important divergence. Mr. Harvey's condition was that America must be invited by all the Allies chiefly interested. General Smuts would go forward whether all the Allied Powers concurred or not. It is uncertain how far General Smuts was speaking for or merely at the British Government; Mr. Baldwin should have made this clear at Plymouth by the time these lines appear. Meanwhile, the Duke of Devonshire's declared approval is a welcome sign. The Dominions are vigorously critical of the prevalent policy of drift, and, with Belgium and Italy now gravely concerned at the consequences of blind acceptance of France's wrecking tactics, there seems a faint chance that the Government may nerve themselves to make some move. We should feel happier if Mr. McNeill were to resign.

* * *

THE German Government have addressed a Note to the Reparations Commission, signifying formally their willingness in principle to resume Reparation deliveries, but declaring that, in the condition to which the country has been reduced as a result of the Ruhr occupation, it is a financial impossibility to pay for such deliveries. Dr. Stresemann is holding to his thoroughly sound thesis that the first essential is to get German finances on a new footing, and he proposes to lay before the Reparations Commission information showing what steps have already been taken to that end. How far this approach is the result of private conversations between Paris and Berlin

is not clear. In any case, M. Poincaré's public declarations, together with the semi-official communiqués from the Quai d'Orsay, are quite enough to explain the German move. It seems just possible that the French will be prepared to assent to the request now put forward that the Reparations Commission examine Germany's capacity afresh, as provided by Article 234 of the Treaty, giving her representatives an opportunity to be heard; for M. Poincaré is astute enough to realize that acceptance of the German request would provide him with a very good opportunity of side-tracking the Smuts proposal for a conference of plenipotentiaries. Moreover, though the French elections are still distant, they cast their shadows before, and M. Poincaré must be increasingly conscious of the danger of going before the electorate with nothing but dead failure regarding Reparations to offer.

* * *

THE past week has witnessed a rapid development in the process of German disintegration, followed by some reassuring indications of the strength of the forces of unity, which suggest that it may not be too late to avert the catastrophe. Saxony under Communists and Bavaria under Junkers have both defied the Central Government. The French-fostered Separatist movement in the Rhineland culminated on Sunday in the declaration of an independent Republic at Aix-la-Chapelle; and an astonishing and still more discreditable move has been made at Speyer, where, as the sequel to various intrigues on the part of French officers, the French representative on the Rhineland Commission has declared the Palatinate an autonomous State. Add to this a Communist outbreak at Hamburg and perpetual bread riots in Berlin and elsewhere, and the case for pessimism seemed overwhelming. The Separatist movement has, however, already palpably failed, leaving behind it only a legacy of fresh hatred of the French. Saxony, with which the Stresemann Government dealt fairly firmly while they hesitated to handle the Bavarian Junkers, seems unlikely to give further trouble; and as things are developing it seems possible that the complete isolation of the Bavarians in the Reichsrat, together with spontaneous declarations of the loyalty of the Reichswehr as

an answer to General von Lossow's wireless incitement to disaffection, may in the end justify Dr. Stresemann's studied avoidance of an open clash with Munich. At the same time, the symptoms of the past week seem to have had some effect at Paris, where the truth is beginning to dawn that the inevitable effect of a real break-up of Germany would be first the disappearance of all hope of Reparations, and ultimately the probable re-establishment of unity under the impulse of a defiant and aggressive nationalism.

Two of the three European reconstruction schemes now in the League of Nations' hands have been imperilled by events of the past week. The Austrian elections took place on Sunday. If the Social Democrats, who were making a heavy assault on the Government Coalition of Christian Socialists and German Nationalists, had carried the day, the task of the League Commissioner, Dr. Zimmermann, would have been made very difficult, though the new Government could not have repudiated its predecessor's obligations, and the force of circumstances would have compelled reluctant co-operation with the League. As it is, Dr. Seipel has returned to power with a majority slightly diminished but quite adequate, and the course of Austrian policy will remain unaffected, with the material advantage that measures the Government hesitated to take with an election impending—notably a speeding-up of the process of dismissals of officials—can now be pushed forward without fear of political consequences. In all other respects the general progress of Austria, as reported at the recent Assembly at Geneva, has exceeded the most sanguine expectations, and everything justifies the belief that the hopes raised by the League's action a year ago will be much more than realized. Greece, meanwhile, where the League is making an immediate beginning with the task of settling a million refugees on the land or in some productive industry, has been threatened with another revolution, which might have imperilled the whole prospect of the loan on which the League scheme depends. Fortunately the Constantinist movement seems to be wholly confined to the Peloponnese, and the Government, to all appearance, has the situation in hand. There may, however, be another postponement of the elections.

THE Prime Minister and Foreign Minister of Czecho-Slovakia ended their brief visit to this country on Thursday. It does not appear that any political decisions of the first moment were reached between Lord Curzon and Dr. Benes, but their conversations, as well as those of President Masaryk with Mr. Baldwin, have an obvious importance in face of the situation now prevailing in Europe. Czecho-Slovakia holds in many respects a key position in Eastern Europe, and on both Germany and Russia Dr. Benes has, in the past, shown himself singularly well informed. But the most valuable feature of the Czecho-Slovakian statesmen's visit was the opportunity it gave them of denying the rumours of a military agreement with France assiduously and eagerly disseminated by the Paris Press. Naturally enough, no explicit undertaking was given in public as to future intentions, but President Masaryk said all that was needed when he denied openly that any military convention exists between the two countries, and mentioned that Czecho-Slovakia intends, in the course of next year, to reduce her period of military service from two years to eighteen months, and in the following year from eighteen months to fourteen. France has little use for an ally determined to cut down

its military strength, a policy Czecho-Slovakia is enabled to project—and, it may be hoped, to carry through—as the result of the Little Entente understandings and the good relations now established with Austria. Unfortunately, Italy is much more satisfied to see disunion than union among her neighbours, and difficulties with her are not yet at an end.

WE discuss on another page those parts of Mr. McKenna's speech at Belfast which dealt with monetary policy. It is important, however, to note also the admirable way in which he grappled with the question,—“Do we not gain more by the crippling of German competition than we lose by the sacrifice of a portion of our European market?” During the ten years before the war “the British proportion of the world's export trade remained fairly constant. The lowest percentage was 13.8, the highest 15.5. . . . In 1920 our exports were 18.1 per cent. of the total; in 1921, owing to the protracted coal strike, they fell to 16.2 per cent.; but in 1922 they rose again to 17.3 per cent. . . . So far so good. But what of the actual state of our export trade? . . . Our exports were at least 25 per cent. less in 1922 than in 1912, and this decline took place notwithstanding the fact that our population has increased . . . by over two millions.” Mr. McKenna proceeded to draw the moral:—

“Whoever gives his attention to these figures can draw only one conclusion from them. On balance we lose by a reduction in the total volume of world trade, even though the reduction be caused by the collapse of trade rivals. We may obtain, it is true, a larger percentage of what remains, but the final result is to diminish our total exports. We prosper as the world prospers; we decline as the world declines.”

THE Imperial Conference has been occupied mainly with discussions on questions of defence and foreign affairs, concerning which little information has been issued. All other topics are, naturally, overshadowed by the European problem; but it is well to remember that at least one other question of first-rate importance awaits the attention of the Conference, namely, the American proposals for the suppression of rum-running. Whatever we may think of Prohibition, the attempt to defeat the American law by systematic smuggling, organized in British territory, has become a grave scandal. Sir Sydney Brooks and Professor Pollard have rightly drawn attention, in letters to the “Times,” to the intense irritation produced in the States, and to its prejudicial effect, not only on the settlement of the “dry-ship” controversy, but on Anglo-American relations in general. The American proposal for a special twelve-mile limit is not free from objections, and we should prefer to see the matter dealt with by the refusal of clearances, or by whatever domestic legislation may be necessary to enable the British Government to suppress the traffic. That some effective measures should be taken is essential, not as a matter of legal obligation, but of sound policy and international decency. The question is one in which Canada and the West Indies are concerned as well as Great Britain, and thus comes very properly before the Conference. We look to the Conference to handle it with a due sense of its importance.

THE Economic Conference has, as was almost inevitable, appointed a Committee to consider the practicability of Mr. Bruce's proposals for fostering Inter-Imperial trade; but the Conference itself has passed on from Imperial Preference to the less showy, but more practical questions of cables, wireless, aviation, and shipping. Such matters as the routeing of cables,

port charges, the new rules for carriage of goods by sea, deferred rebates, and double taxation of shipping are likely to attract little public attention; but they are of great importance both in facilitating the flow of trade and in removing causes of irritation and friction. The proceedings of the Conference, so far as they have gone, suggest that real and valuable progress is likely to be made along these lines. The discussion on air communications was noteworthy for Sir Samuel Hoare's statement that the negotiations for an airship service to India were approaching completion, and for the strong and general desire expressed that some permanent machinery should be created for the exchange of information with regard to research and experiment in aviation.

* * *

THERE has recently been a revolt in the Fascist party, which Signor Mussolini now appears to have quelled. But it is probable that this crisis will be followed by others, and the question whether the head of the Fascisti has strength to control the machine he played so large a part in creating remains as yet unanswered. What might have been a revolution last year was turned into a strictly constitutional change of administration by King Humbert's decision to offer the Premiership to Mussolini. That was a simple matter compared with the Prime Minister's task of swinging his followers from allegiance to an aggressive party faction to allegiance to the State. To that task he is still applying himself, but the attempted expulsion of Signor Rocca from the party is a significant revelation of the temper of the extremist wing. Whatever *coups* Signor Mussolini thinks well to attempt abroad in the interests of his own prestige in domestic politics, he sees certain advantages in constitutionalism at home, though he has himself strained the constitution severely enough by his new electoral law, which ensures him a substantial majority in the Chamber whenever he chooses to go to the polls. With the Socialist movement in Italy as powerless as it is at present, the Mussolini régime has a good run before it yet.

* * *

NINETY per cent. of resignations from the panel are now expected in medical circles, and even if these expectations are not fully realized, there will probably be a sufficiently solid refusal of the Minister of Health's offer to hold up the working of the Insurance Act. A Royal Commission has been suggested, and it seems to us that for two reasons some independent inquiry is necessary. It might enable one or more of the parties to the present triangular deadlock to retire from the positions to which they are committed, and it would certainly enable the public to form an opinion as to the merits of the case. We need to know how much a really conscientious doctor would make on the scale proposed, if he took no more panel patients than he could treat efficiently and devoted an adequate amount of time to each case. We need to know what proportion of panel doctors are prepared, or are able, in the conditions which now exist to give this kind of service. And we need to know the real causes of the tension between the doctors and the approved societies, and its effects upon the insured persons they are both supposed to be looking after. Sir William Joynson-Hicks's "What I have said, I have said," may be justified by the facts, but we should nevertheless like to know the facts ourselves.

* * *

At the annual conference of the Magistrates' Association on Monday, it was stated that out of every hundred offenders saved from prison by the Probation Act, ninety-five never returned to a criminal life.

It was also stated that half the probationers in the United Kingdom came from the London Sessions. It is thus evident that magistrates in the rest of the country are not making the use they should of a system which is not only humane in itself but which is yielding excellent results. The Lord Chief Justice, in the course of an address to the Association, urged that magistrates should "think twice and thrice before sending a man or a woman to prison for the first time." They certainly need not fear that mercy to the first offender is a breach of their duty to society, for in all too many cases a sentence of imprisonment means that a criminal is made and a useful citizen marred, and that society has assumed a long-continuing social and financial liability.

* * *

In the "Ministry of Labour Gazette" for October, interesting tables are published showing the percentage increases in wages which different categories of workers in the big industries of the country have received as compared with 1914. The figures demonstrate that in almost all trades the unskilled workers have secured much larger advances in money rates than the skilled; and also that in most industries the general level of real wages is now below the pre-war standard. The more skilled workers in the engineering and shipbuilding trades have fared worst, shipwrights and platers having received increases of only 18 per cent. to set against a 75 per cent. rise in the cost of living. It is disturbing, moreover, to note that the average agricultural labourer, who could ill afford any depreciation in his standard of life, has lost ground. His money wage is now only 56 per cent. above the 1914 level. The miners in Northumberland and Durham are slightly better off than they were before the war, but those in other coalfields are worse off.

* * *

THERE are some groups of workers who have been able to improve their position, and conspicuous among these are the railwaymen (who were certainly underpaid before the war), the building trade workers, and the printers. The increase in wages obtained by the railwaymen range from 100 per cent. to 150 per cent., and other transport workers have shared their good fortune. The increase in the hourly rates for building workers varies from 90 per cent. to 114 per cent., but actual earnings would not show the same improvement as there has been a general reduction in the length of the working week. It will be noticed that the workers who have raised their standard of life are for the most part engaged in occupations in which the pressure of world competition is not felt. Their employers have had less incentive than other employers to press for reduction. There is one curious case, however, which cannot be explained in this way. The workers in the woollen and worsted industry, in contrast with cotton, and practically all the great manufacturing and exporting industries, command real wages higher than those obtaining in 1914, their weekly full-time rates being from 80 per cent. to 90 per cent. above those in operation before the war. The woollen operatives were, as a whole, poorly paid before the war; but, even so, the improvement in their position is highly relevant to the recent demands (now, we trust, in effect abandoned) for protection for this industry from French competition.

Mr. Norman Angell's second article on The Commercialization of Demagoguery will be published in next week's issue.

GENERAL SMUTS AND MR. McNEILL.

DAY by day the results of French policy which those not deliberately blind have long seen to be inevitable are working themselves out in Germany. For many months now it has been obvious that the maintenance of fantastic Reparation claims and the paralysis of industry in the Ruhr and the Rhineland must produce economic chaos followed by the political disruption of the German State. It is incredible that M. Poincaré and his colleagues can have had any illusions as to these consequences. They have been working for the destruction of Germany, and they are, no doubt, pleased, though they may also be a little frightened, to see success crowning their efforts. It is their supporters in this country who have always proclaimed, and in some cases, perhaps, believed, that no such sinister designs were entertained by French statesmen. Even for British Ministers, like Lord Curzon, who betrayed uneasiness at the trend of French policy, it was a convenient fiction that the aims of the two nations were identical, and that we only differed as to the methods by which they could best be attained. Pretences of that kind have their uses. While it still seemed possible that M. Poincaré might be deterred from carrying his unavowed intentions to their logical and abominable conclusion, it may have been excusable for official persons to keep open a way of retreat by pretending to be taken in by the thin disguise in which they were dressed. This prudential consideration has never applied with the same force to the utterances of statesmen, however eminent, who were not in office, and it is unfortunate that the Liberal leaders have not spoken with more emphasis and passion or shown the way to a wise national policy. How great their influence might have been, had they done so, is vividly illustrated by the moving speech which General Smuts delivered last Tuesday. That utterance comes like a rush of mountain air into a noisome den. It enables us to realize how stifling is the atmosphere of European diplomacy. It tears aside the wretched drapery with which French aggression has been clothed by the leading statesmen of all parties in this country. The speech should be read as a whole (the "Times" has done good service by publishing it in full), but a few sentences may be quoted here to indicate the vigour and candour by which it was animated:—

"A very grave responsibility rests on France before history. France can, perhaps, afford to regard the prospect of Germany's dissolution with equanimity, though even from her angle that would be a short-sighted view. But this country and the small countries which surround Germany on the Continent cannot be indifferent to Germany's fate. To all of them the economic and political dissolution of Germany would be a first-class and irreparable disaster. . . . What can we do? . . . We can give Germany the moral support which will mean very much indeed, perhaps everything, to her in her hour of adversity. . . . A resolute and determined diplomacy even now would work wonders. And if (as I hope she will do) Germany makes a last appeal and throws herself on the compassion of her conquerors in the Great War, I trust this great Empire will not hesitate for a moment to respond to that appeal and to use all its diplomatic power and influence to support her, and to prevent a calamity which would be infinitely more dangerous to Europe and the world than was the downfall of Russia six or seven years ago. In any case, what we do should be done quickly, for the crisis in its most acute form has arrived."

Does our Government recognize this urgency, and is it prepared to act? We do not know. It is now some months since Mr. Baldwin committed himself to anything in particular. But Mr. Ronald McNeill spoke last Monday as follows: "Germany is not only a debtor, but she is a fraudulent, defaulting debtor. Germany as a

nation is not entitled to, and she will not receive, our sympathy. . . . It is not a question of sympathy, but of getting hold of the cash. That is our object, and that is the object of our French allies." The speaker of these detestable and imbecile phrases, as a contribution to the present situation, is a prominent member of Mr. Baldwin's Government and the spokesman of the Foreign Office in the House of Commons. This is the background behind the virtuous Mr. Baldwin's platitudes.

The whole world lies between General Smuts and Mr. McNeill. Where does Mr. Baldwin stand? Reports of his speech at Plymouth on Thursday will be in the hands of our readers before these lines are published, and they will therefore be in a position to judge whether he is capable of upholding the honour and interest of his country in this great crisis, or if he is merely the colleague of Mr. Ronald McNeill.

THE INFLATION BOGEY AND THE MORAL.

THE inflation rumours of the past three weeks, and the scandalized protests and elaborate repudiations which these rumours have called forth, form a singular phenomenon, which is not without its instructive aspect. Consider the position. It has become almost a platitude to say that inflation and deflation are equally bad, and that what is desirable is a stable price-level; and, provided this is said casually, and is not suggested as the basis of a systematic policy, it is accepted as a platitude even in the strongholds of monetary conservatism, in the City columns of the "Times," the "Manchester Guardian," and the "Morning Post." Now deflation is the policy which is actually and officially in operation. Inflation, so far as can be discovered after a vigorous heresy hunt, has not been advocated in any responsible quarter. In these circumstances, it would be natural to suppose that those who agree that inflation and deflation are equally bad would be more concerned with the deflation that actually exists than with an inflation that is not within sight. But the reverse is the case. The orthodox City Editors have watched the process of deflation with complacent approval. When we criticized the raising of Bank Rate last July as being a step ill-calculated to help trade out of a profound depression, they replied reassuringly that the damage to trade would be so small as to be almost negligible. When we pointed out that the Currency Note regulations will leave next year so narrow a margin for expansion as to be incompatible with a trade revival, they replied that there is no reason to worry, as the prospects of a trade revival are not bright in any case, and that before it occurs, we may possibly be back on a gold basis, and in a position to draw gold from America. On the other hand, when some idle chatter of Sir Montague Barlow inspired the Press to headlines about inflation, they were at once very seriously perturbed; and thought it necessary to warn us solemnly of the awful fate of Germany. It is as though a group of doctors had watched a man wasting away for years in an emaciated condition, had assured him that his malady had no connection with the very scanty diet to which they insisted on confining him; and then, when someone suggested a change of diet to enable him to put on flesh, were passionately to warn him of the dangers of excessive corpulence. Even papers like the "Economist" and the "New Statesman," which have at times mildly deprecated deflationary measures, have thought fit to join in these agitated protests.

What is the explanation of this unnecessary alarm? In part, it seems to spring from that seed-plot of misunderstanding—the variety of meanings which can be assigned to a given word. The process of recovery from a severe trade depression is always and necessarily marked by two features: an expansion in the volume of currency and credit, and a certain recovery in the level of wholesale prices. The former is absolutely necessary to sustain the increased volume of production. There are various reasons why the latter is in practice unavoidable, *e.g.*, the distorted relations between the prices of different commodities set up by a condition of depression (equally with one of boom), which it would require too long and too technical an argument to elaborate further here. It is enough to say that a slight rise in wholesale prices is an invariable feature of the early stages of every trade revival, as indeed it was of the abortive revival earlier this year. Now, if anyone chooses to describe as “inflation” this expansion of currency and credit, and this recovery of wholesale prices, he is at liberty to do so. It is, indeed, convenient in some contexts to use the word in this sense. But this is obviously a very different thing from the “inflation” of popular usage and opprobrium, such as took place here up to 1920, and still continues in many parts of the Continent.

It ought not to be necessary to point this out; but the attitude of our City Editors makes it essential to do so. Mr. McKenna in a letter to Mr. Strachey, published in last week's “Spectator,” wrote: “A policy either of inflation or deflation should never be adopted . . . except as a corrective; and the degree of unemployment at any time will always furnish a test of the right medicine to be applied.” This was enough to induce the City Editor of the “Manchester Guardian” to belabour him under the heading “Mr. McKenna for Inflation.” Mr. McKenna has since made it clear that he meant no more than what we have said above. “Neither do I say,” he declared at Belfast on Wednesday, “that we should pursue a policy of monetary inflation. With any improvement in trade, undoubtedly more banking credit and more currency will be required and must be provided, but this is not monetary inflation.” The Federation of British Industries were known last week to be about to submit a Report on the subject to the Government; and many papers, including the “Economist,” thought fit to denounce them in advance for their inflationist designs. The Federation's Report is now published; and the following is the only passage which can conceivably serve as a basis for such charges:—

“There are strong grounds for the belief that the interests of trade and of the country as a whole will be best served by a stable monetary policy which aims at keeping the price-level stable. We have suffered since the War from a process of inflation, followed by one of deflation, both for different reasons highly objectionable.

“At the moment we are at the depth of an extremely serious depression of trade. Past experience shows that in such conditions a certain upward movement in prices is an invariable and inevitable accompaniment of the process of recovery. The object of a policy of price stabilization, therefore, should not be to stabilize prices at the abnormally low level shown by the index number at the bottom of a severe depression, but at such an increase on this level as normal trade activity would entail.”

This is an excellent definition of what should be our objective. On what grounds is this policy opposed? It is not as though the rise in wholesale prices need be large, or need affect appreciably the cost of living; and, as both Mr. McKenna and the Federation have pointed out, recent American experience shows that it is perfectly possible to keep the price-level steady, as soon as the readjustments incidental to recovery are accomplished,

and trade has reached a normal condition of activity. We invite the critics of Mr. McKenna and of the Federation of British Industries to answer the following questions: (1) Do they think it likely, or even possible, that trade will at any time recover without (a) an expansion of currency and credit; and (b) some rise in wholesale prices? (2) If not, do they mean, so far as they are able, to prevent a recovery of trade until such time as the pound sterling is back at dollar parity; or at least for so long as there is any tendency for the exchange to fall?

A frank answer to the second question is badly needed. It is difficult to attribute the outcry about “inflation” wholly to ignorance or misunderstanding. Its main significance is that our financial authorities are very anxious to maintain intact the official policy of deflation, which is at last being strongly—and we trust effectively—challenged. Their motive is to maintain and to raise the dollar-sterling exchange-rate, and in pursuit of this purpose they are ready to adopt measures which must necessarily tend to depress trade or to impede its recovery, though they are very anxious to conceal this unpleasant fact from the public and, so far as possible, from themselves. The task of concealment is rendered easier by the fact that a process of deflation, once set in motion, tends to continue on its momentum, until confidence in the prospect of recovery becomes general. It is thus possible to carry on the policy with comparatively few ostentatious deflationary acts, so long as enough is done to undermine business confidence. Can anyone deny that business confidence is shaken by the official maintenance of the Cunliffe policy? Bank Rate was raised to 4 per cent. in July; and this week there has been considerable speculation in the City as to whether the Bank Court would announce a further increase in order to check the renewed fall in the New York exchange. The City Editor of the “Manchester Guardian” discussed this possibility without the smallest hint of disapproval. We scarcely imagine that anyone will deny that a 4½ or 5 per cent. Bank Rate would seriously prejudice the faint but improving prospects of trade recovery. We trust that this danger will be averted; but we can feel no great confidence that it will, particularly if the exchange should fall a few further points. It is probable, indeed, that the Bank of England officials would like to raise the Rate, and are restrained only by the strength of the recent anti-deflationary protests. There can be no real security in the matter until the Cunliffe policy is formally abandoned. We, therefore, endorse the cogent appeal of the Federation of British Industries for the appointment of a representative Commission to review the whole question of monetary policy.

THE FINANCE OF THE NEWSPAPER TRUST.

A REMARKABLE feature of the latest development of the Newspaper Trust is the way in which the big combination can now finance itself with the money of the public, whilst retaining all the control and all the surplus profits.

The Associated Newspapers, Ltd., owns the “Daily Mail,” the “Evening News,” &c., &c., and the controlling interest in the Anglo-Newfoundland Development Company, which produces over 55,000 tons of paper per annum. The Daily Mail Trust owns the controlling interest (*i.e.*, 53 per cent. of the Deferred Shares) of the Associated Newspapers. The Daily Mail Trust then buys the Hulton Press for £6,000,000, which, in its turn, buys the Associated

Scottish Newspapers for £1,000,000, and floats £8,000,000 seven per cent. debentures on to the public (also guaranteed by the Daily Mirror Newspapers, Ltd., and the Sunday Pictorial Newspapers, Ltd.). The capital of the Daily Mail Trust consists of these debentures together with £2,000,000 ordinary shares on which, in all, £200,000 is paid up. Thus the owner of the ordinary shares, by putting up this comparatively trifling sum, has complete control of all the above properties, whilst the public find at 7 per cent. a great part of the capital to finance the highly speculative and (in the end) precarious business of running the Stunt Press.

But this is not all. The wheels within wheels are endless. Who owns the ordinary shares of the Daily Mail Trust? We are not told. But it is clear, from some words added in one of their certificates by the chartered accountants, Messrs. Deloitte, Plender, Griffiths & Co., that they are at least partly owned by the Daily Mirror Newspapers, Ltd., which in its turn owns a controlling interest in the Sunday Pictorial Newspapers, Ltd. Thus the uncalled liability of £1,800,000 on the ordinary shares of the Daily Mail Trust, which is part of the security for the debenture holders, overlaps the guarantee of the above-named companies—a fact not alluded to in the prospectus, which leaves the impression that these two guarantees are separate and independent.

For all the public knows, therefore, the situation may be, and probably is, as follows. The Daily Mirror Newspapers, Ltd., owns a controlling interest in the Sunday Pictorial Newspapers, Ltd.; these two companies own a controlling interest in the ordinary shares of the Daily Mail Trust; the Daily Mail Trust owns the Hulton Press, the Associated Scottish Newspapers, and a controlling interest in the Associated Newspapers; the Associated Newspapers own the "Daily Mail," the "Evening News," the "Weekly Dispatch," &c., and a controlling interest in the Anglo-Newfoundland Development Company, the aggregate present value being above £20,000,000 altogether, and the current annual profits above £2,500,000.

Thus, if this is correct, the owner of the controlling interest in the Daily Mirror Newspapers, Ltd., controls the whole caboodle. Three hundred and fifty thousand and one £1 shares (which now stand, however, above 7) represent control, and the controller's losses, if things go wrong, may be limited to this. His power is majestic and imperial; his possible profits beyond the dreams of mortals.

We have searched the financial columns of the Press without finding that these relevant facts have been pointed out to the public, who subscribed the issue many times over in an hour, and are greedy, apparently, to enter into partnership with Lord Rothermere on these delightful terms.

HOW MUCH HAS GERMANY PAID?

By J. M. KEYNES.

WITH the German Government's formal announcement of its bankruptcy and the total cessation of all payments, including deliveries in kind, the first phase of Reparations, during which Germany has continuously paid large sums—probably up to the full limit of her capacity—has come to an end. It may be that no more will ever be paid. This is, therefore, an appropriate moment for reviewing and estimating her past performance.

The mind of the public has been extremely confused by the variety of estimates which have been current, varying from German official claims that she has already paid more than £2,000,000,000 to Press headlines that she has paid nothing at all.

Apart from differences of opinion as to the estimation of particular items, there are two sets of figures which have to be distinguished,—namely, the total financial burden thrown on Germany by the Peace Treaty, and the portion of this which reckons, under the terms of the Treaty, towards the discharge of Reparations. Certain sacrifices imposed on Germany are excluded altogether from the items reckoning towards Reparations, although they cost Germany just as dear as the items which are not excluded; whilst the method prescribed by the Treaty for calculating, for the purposes of the Reparation account, the value of certain other items, undoubtedly yields a lower figure than their real cost to Germany. Thus the cost to Germany of what she has paid and delivered is much greater than the sum credited to her in the books of the Reparation Commission.

Now, if we are considering what progress Germany has made towards meeting her Treaty liabilities, the latter figure alone is relevant. But if we are seeking a measure of Germany's effort to carry her burdens or of the punishment imposed on her, it is the former figure which matters.

Let us begin with the sums credited to her in the books of the Reparation Commission, which are indisputable, and represent the lowest estimate of her effort on any computation. These fall into three categories:—

	£ (gold)
Cash	95,000,000
Deliveries in Kind	189,000,000
State Property in Ceded Territories	127,000,000
	£411,000,000

Of these sums £19,600,000 was returned to Germany in the form of coal advances (under the Spa agreement). On the other hand, currency, worth about £35,000,000, and goods and services, worth at least a further £35,000,000, have been furnished to the Armies of Occupation and Commissions of Control. Further, the Reparation Commission has still to estimate and credit the value of State property in the ceded area of Upper Silesia, estimated by Germany, I think, at about £50,000,000. If we adjust for these various items, the total sum is £511,000,000.

Let us allow, next, for items reckoned in the Reparation account below their real value. The largest and most indisputable of these is coal and coke. If the value of these deliveries had been calculated at the world market price instead of by the formula prescribed by the Treaty, it is estimated that an additional £70,000,000 (or thereabouts) would have been credited. There are also several other important items, in which there is a wide difference between the value placed on them by the German Government and that assessed by the Reparation Commission, as follows:—

	German Valuation	R.C. Valuation.
	£	£
Saar Mines	50,000,000	20,000,000
Mercantile Marine	290,000,000	35,000,000
Ceded State Property (not including Upper Silesia)	275,000,000	127,000,000
Armistice Deliveries	175,000,000	59,000,000
Total	£790,000,000	241,000,000

Thus the German valuation is more than three times that of the Reparation Commission. A part of this discrepancy can be explained, without imputing bad faith to either party, by a difference in the principles of

valuation adopted. The German Government naturally consider what the property is worth to them and the Reparation Commission equally what it is worth to them,—which may be all the difference between a going concern and bankrupt stock. It might be quite consistent with the terms of the Treaty to value some of the most essential parts of Germany's industrial equipment as scrap-iron; but this would not be a correct measure of the burden thrown on Germany. Indeed, its tendency to impoverish whatever it touches and to convert organized equipment into rubbish is one of the characteristics—we can almost say one of the objects—of the Treaty of Versailles. Two items, however, since they relate to known and definite objects, are particularly striking—the Saar mines and the Mercantile Marine. The difference between the valuation per ton of output placed by the Reparation Commission on the Saar mines and that claimed by France for the destruction of her own mines, and the difference between the valuation per shipping ton placed on the German Mercantile Marine and that claimed for the destruction of Allied Shipping, are so wide as to seem obnoxious to justice. It should be added that the discrepancy in the shipping valuation partly depends on whether the boom values current at the date of delivery are taken or the slump values current at the date of valuation. It is instructive, because it well illustrates the outrageous character of the Reparation business, to note that the valuation placed on the whole of the German Mercantile Marine is sufficient to pay the interest on Germany's Reparation liability, as assessed by the same authority, for a period of less than six weeks, while the surrender of the Saar mines pays the perpetually accruing interest bill for less than one month.

Since the German valuation has been built up item by item and offered for criticism and cross-examination, we may fairly assume, after allowing for all possible exaggerations, that the measure of the burden thrown on Germany by the deliveries is not less than half the figure claimed, that is to say £395,000,000, as against the £241,000,000 credited under the terms of the Treaty. No one, I think, could put the cost to Germany, as distinct from the value to the Allies (which in some cases is less than nothing), at a lower figure than this.

Our table is then as follows:—

	£
Credits with the Reparation Commission (less Spa coal advances)	391,000,000
Cash and Goods supplied to Armies of Occupation	70,000,000
Ceded Property in Upper Silesia	50,000,000
Addition for World Market Price of Coal...	70,000,000
Addition for Real Value to Germany of Various Surrenders	154,000,000
	<hr/> £735,000,000

I think that this can be regarded as a conservative estimate of the burden thrown on Germany under these heads.

We now come to certain items, which, under the terms of the Treaty, do not count at all towards Reparation, but are none the less a charge on Germany. The most important are the following:—

- (1) The sums owed to Germany by her former Allies;
- (2) The German Colonies and State Property there situated;
- (3) State property in Alsace-Lorraine;
- (4) "Restitutions" in replacement of specific Allied property removed by Germany from invaded territory;
- (5) German ships seized in enemy ports;
- (6) German private property seized and liquidated abroad;

(7) Payments by Germany in discharge of private debts.

The face value of the first item is £850,000,000. But whilst it represents a real loss to Germany, its market value is undoubtedly *nil*. I know of no reliable estimate of items (2), (3), (4) and (5). On the basis of partial data I should put these items, but without much confidence as to the accuracy of the figure, somewhere round £100,000,000 altogether.

Items (6) and (7) are of a different character. The proceeds have been applied to the discharge of German private debts, and to this extent they represent, not a net loss, but a liquidation of liabilities. A net burden has been thrown on Germany only to the extent that the assets have not been applied to discharge the liabilities of her own nationals,* or have been sequestered and in part unapplied (as in the United States), or have been sold at a price less than their value to their German owners as a going concern. Nevertheless, apart from this net burden, the fact that this amount of capital previously lent to Germany has been called in, thus diminishing her working capital abroad and her liquid reserves against emergencies, has clearly diminished her capacity to make foreign payments during the period since the Armistice almost as much as though it were a net loss. The figures are very large. The German Government's estimate of the value of the property liquidated abroad is £585,000,000;† and the amount of cash payments under the Clearing House system is £30,000,000. The estimate of the value of the property liquidated appears too high if it is intended to represent its present value, but probably not too high as a measure of its pre-war value.

Summing up, I am of the opinion that the financial cost to Germany of her efforts to meet her Treaty liabilities and of her surrenders under the Treaty between the date of the Armistice and the date of the occupation of the Ruhr has exceeded £1,000,000,000; and if we include the sums which she has had to find in this period to discharge private debts, the figure reaches £1,300,000,000.‡ In addition to this, Germany's pre-war investments in Russia, Turkey, and Austria-Hungary, and her war loans to her Allies, have been rendered valueless by the course of events; and there has, of course, been an enormous loss of "goodwill" in her business connections and organization.

Allowing for the change in the value of money and for the relative wealth and population of France in 1871 and Germany in 1919, the figure of £1,000,000,000 represents a real burden on Germany per head more than double that thrown on France by her payment of £200,000,000 after the Franco-German war. If we remember that Germany had fought the most exhausting war in history for four years, and had lost, one way and another, the bulk of her foreign assets, whereas France had her previous resources of foreign investments and the like almost intact, it is clear that the German effort to pay has represented enormously more than the equivalent of the French indemnity;—as indeed we can easily judge, after the event, by the comparative effects on the

* Under the Treaty, any surplus can be applied to discharge the private debts of Germany's former Allies.

† M. Tardieu has estimated it a little higher, namely, at £850,000,000.

‡ In order to reach an independent estimate, I made this calculation before opening the valuable volume "Germany's Capacity to Pay," by Moulton and McGuire, lately published by the New York Institute of Economics. The corresponding estimate of these writers is £1,290,000,000 up to September 30th, 1922, which almost exactly agrees with my figure, allowing for the fact that I carry my calculations up to a later date. There are, however, some differences between us regarding one or two of the items which make up the total.

wealth and prosperity of the German people in 1923 and the French people in 1873.

In face of these facts, the broad outlines of which are not open to dispute, it is an outrageous thing that certain sections of the Press should be filled with charges that Germany has paid next to nothing, that she has evaded her liabilities, that by bluff and chicane she has cheated her creditors. These statements and suggestions are untrue.

THE CHARACTER OF CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.

WITH his admirably clear life of Campbell-Bannerman,* Mr. J. A. Spender has made, not only a permanent addition to the literature of biography, but a contribution of capital importance to history in the wider sense. It may be said that all that matters in the career of "C.-B." occurred in the ten years, 1898-1907. If he had died at the age of sixty instead of the age of seventy, he would have left no enduring mark in history. Up to the moment when, on the resignation of Harcourt, he became the leader of the Liberal Party in the House of Commons, he had been indistinguishable from the common ruck of respectable second-rate politicians who fill this or that office for a time, and, having played their part, disappear from the public eye and are forgotten by the public. It was the issue of the Boer War, with which was involved the whole idea of English Liberalism, that discovered beneath his modest exterior the elements of greatness, and placed him among the most illustrious figures in our political annals—illustrious no less by his qualities of mind and character than by the boldness and splendour of his achievement. And of the history of these ten years, Mr. Spender's book is the first authoritative record. He traverses virgin ground, and traverses it with unrivalled knowledge, for he himself was at the centre of the storm, played a not inconsiderable part in the drama, and has had access to documents hitherto unrevealed.

The figure that emerges from his pages is that of a plain man, in the best sense of the word a simple man, who confounded the knowing men and the clever men, and at the end of the struggle was left with a more complete triumph than that of any other statesman in modern records. The episode that destroyed or tarnished every other reputation involved in it is his title to homage, and "the feather" with which Chamberlain decorated his cap at the beginning of the war has become his enduring ornament. No one to-day remembers the war with pride, but the peace which Campbell-Bannerman extracted from it, and of which he was the sole architect, is more renowned than any war, and stands for all time as the bravest act of British statesmanship and the most conspicuous constructive contribution to the story of the British Commonwealth. In the present time of depression and impotence it is well that the public mind should be directed to this famous achievement and the man who accomplished it.

There was never a man that achieved greatness who had fewer of the showy externals of greatness. He was "the russet-coated captain" of Cromwell's ideal. He was so plain to the eye that he was unintelligible to the sophisticated and agile politicians to whom he was opposed and with whom he was surrounded. They could not believe that a man who was so obvious, whose "thoughts lay clear as pebbles in a brook," who had no

arts and no tactics, played no pranks with principle, scorned rhetoric, was wholly without ambition, and was more than a trifle lethargic in temperament, could be their master. Like Lincoln, he seemed to his contemporaries a rather absurd accident, useful to some, a convenient target for the wit of others, and negligible to all. There was hardly one of Lincoln's colleagues in his first Cabinet or one of his generals who did not believe that he could manipulate the gaunt, ungraceful country lawyer like a toy, and not one, not even Chase, who did not in the end surrender to his deep wisdom and become humble before his patient magnanimity.

And in no small degree the same may be said of "C.-B." A lonely, almost derisive figure at the beginning of the war, with a handful of followers contemptuously buffeted by the angry passions of the time, he emerged within six years to an authority and power as great as that ever wielded by a British statesman, with the foes who had scoffed at him in the dust at his feet, and the rivals and colleagues who had doubted him, resisted him, or sat like icicles at his side, serving with enthusiasm and personal devotion under his banner, and accepting his reversal of the whole spirit of the war with unquestioning obedience.

The explanation of this unprecedented victory stands out clear in Mr. Spender's pages. Behind the homely and unobtrusive exterior of "C.-B." there was stuff of the toughest fibre, stubborn qualities of mind and character against which the blows of circumstance beat in vain. His outlook was extraordinarily simple, but spacious. He looked beyond the turmoil of the present, in which acuter and quicker minds were caught, to the larger landscape of things, and never budged an inch from the straight path, which, with characteristic modesty, he once said he followed, perhaps, because it was the easiest. He was slow in taking a step, for he had a mingled shrewdness and caution together with an imperturbable calm that gave a leisurely, even lazy, aspect to all his motions. But when he had taken a step, he never receded from it or wavered in it. His vision for affairs was clear and far-sighted. When, at the beginning of the war, Lord Salisbury was insisting that we coveted "no goldfields and no territory," and when the Liberal Imperialists, though supporting the war, repudiated the idea of annexation, he saw that annexation was inevitable, and determined that the policy he must pursue was to trump annexation with self-government.

With that goal in view he navigated the frail Liberal craft with incomparable coolness, looking for the time when fair weather would bring all the fair-weather flock to its standard. He had no ambitions for himself, and would have preferred, as he said, to be "mate rather than captain." Even as late as 1903 he told me that he had only kept the place warm for Lord Rosebery. In the great conflict between Harcourt and Lord Rosebery in 1894-5, his personal sympathies had been with the latter rather than with what he called "the bulky nymph of Malwood." His patience with the wayward and elusive peer was that of a father with an erring but favourite child of genius. He suffered rebuff after rebuff with smiling good humour, and still forgave in the hope that one day the brilliant penitent would come aboard and take the helm. But he would have no paltering with the chart of the course, and when Lord Rosebery went to Bodmin and said, "I will not serve under that banner" [Home Rule], "C.-B.'s" patience was exhausted. There is no more dramatic passage in Mr. Spender's book than that dealing with what followed. Lord Rosebery passed from his cold fit to a hot fit. He was all penitence. If "C.-B." would

* "Life of the Right Hon. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, G.C.B." By J. A. Spender. Two vols. (Hodder & Stoughton. 42s.)

say one word to intimate that the Bodmin speech had been misunderstood, he would reciprocate and do his best to prevent Liberal dissension at the coming election. It was too late:—

"Being aware of Lord Rosebery's opinions," says Mr. Spender, "I thought it right to convey them to Campbell-Bannerman, and I found him at Belgrave Square just before he was proceeding to Buckingham Palace to 'kiss hands' on his appointment as Prime Minister. He listened to my story and then said quietly: 'Will you please tell Lord Rosebery that within two hours from now I expect to have accepted the King's commission to form a Government, and that being so I can obviously say no more about the Irish question until I have had an opportunity of consulting my colleagues in the Cabinet.' This time he held the ace of trumps, and he played it unflinchingly."

It was fortunate that he did. It is inconceivable that if Lord Rosebery had come into power in 1906 the great act of appeasement and reconciliation which followed would have been done so fully and so finally, and tolerably certain that when, later, the European war broke out, South Africa, instead of being a source of strength to us, would have been a stronghold of the enemy. No other achievement of statesmanship of such magnitude as the grant of self-government to South Africa was, perhaps, ever so entirely the work of one man. "Three words," said General Botha, "brought peace and union to South Africa: 'Methods of barbarism.'" That utterance was not, as some people supposed, the reckless outburst of a foolish man. It was the deeply considered utterance of a profoundly wise man who had the courage to take any risks where great moral issues were at stake. He believed that his country was doing a shameful thing in the concentration camps, and he said so, not tepidly, but passionately, in a phrase that rang round the world and will ring for ever in history. He loved his country so much that he would not see its high traditions brought to shame, and looking back we see what a splendid harvest has been reaped from an act which, to the vulgar at the time, seemed like treason.

It was this moral wrath that lay at the heart of the man that was the true secret of his inspiration. He was a good hater, as all great men must be. He hated wrong. He hated shams. He hated clever jugglers, masters of

tactics and sleight of hand, players of tricks and players with words. Against these his honest indignation burst out in spluttering flame. "Enough of this fooling," he said to Mr. Balfour in an immortal scene in the House, perhaps unconsciously recalling another famous scene in Ely Cathedral when the Rev. Mr. Hytch was preaching and Cromwell rose and cried, "Cease your fooling and come down, sir." Mr. Hytch came down, and I do not think Mr. Balfour ever baited "C.-B." again. He had a searching eye for the impostor and the humbug. I have never known anyone who read men more acutely, and his comments on them, for all the humour in which they were clothed, were deadly. The people to whom he applied the prefix "Master" would make a queer collection. It was the attribution of his distrust. One would give much to have that "Dunces' Tripos" which Mr. Mackinnon Wood saw him drawing up on the Front Bench one night, but one would be sorry to be found on it, for his judgment of fools as well as knaves was singularly just. But in all this there was no malice. His good humour was inexhaustible, and he took blows without dismay and affronts with a jest. When Sir Edward Grey approached him with the, in the circumstances, audacious suggestion that having brought the Liberal ship to port he should go to the House of Lords as the price of having Sir Edward's support, he only laughingly commented that "Master" Grey had come to him "all buttoned up and had never unbuttoned a button." It was the last throw of the opposition through which he had fought his way, and he could afford to be genial as well as firm.

When the hand of death was upon him, he resigned without a murmur the office he had never sought. "After all," he said to his secretary, "I have been Premier longer than I deserved." His judgment of himself is not the judgment of time. As we recede from the events in which he played a part his figure grows in significance and inspiration. By the test of enduring values he lives as one of the wisest and best men who have had the destinies of this country in their keeping, and by those who accept Liberalism as the principle of human government his memory will always be treasured as one of the greatest exemplars of their faith.

A. G. G.

DRAMATIC ART AND CRAFT

By A. A. MILNE.

MR. GEORGE JEAN NATHAN* comes from the "Mother, look at George!" school of criticism, and is now enjoying a post-graduate course of "Oh, Mr. Nathan, you *do* say things!" As a professional dramatic critic he has been saying things for years, and this book is a collection of his best bits. Evidently he is a person of some consequence in America just now. "Much is made of the fact that I often leave the theatre in the middle of the second act of a play," he tells us. Under this stimulus he writes (and who would not?) with a buoyant swagger which is delightful, but which may lose some of its buoyancy when the fact that he has left the theatre in the middle of the second act is made much of no longer. Meanwhile, he is sufficiently exciting. When he says: "The lesser British playwrights . . . such playwrights as A. A. Milne, for example. . . . The net impression that one takes away from their exhibits is of having been present at a dinner-party whereat all the excep-

tionally dull guests have endeavoured to be assiduously amusing"—when he says this, he may give more pleasure to my friends than to me; but I do not leave the theatre. I stay to the end, and am rewarded a hundred pages later by the most charming piece of ingenuousness imaginable. He is telling us that, during the last year, he has met personally eleven men whose work he had criticized: four sound artists whom he had praised, seven incompetents whom he had damned. "When I met the seven incompetents I found them agreeable and amiable men, interesting to talk with and extremely companionable." But as for the four sound artists, "I could scarcely bear them. They were devoid of social grace; they were stupid; they were heavy as lead; they were bores." It is a fascinating picture. Mr. Nathan and the seven amiable second-raters getting on charmingly together. . . . Mr. Nathan, the smile from his last good thing still on his lips, moving confidently across to the four first-raters. . . . I must not spoil it by a word of comment. Let us leave it there, with all its delightful implications.

* "The World in Falseface." By George Jean Nathan. (John Lane. 7s. 6d.)

Professor Brander Matthews's book* takes us into a different atmosphere. "Playwrights on Playmaking" is a collection of essays which should be read by every critic of the theatre who is also interested in the theatre. With Professor Matthews the play is the thing, even if Mr. Nathan is feeling for his hat. With Mr. Nathan, Mr. Nathan is the thing, even if the play is so good that nobody but Mr. Nathan goes to it. "If I were appointed official dramatic censor," says Mr. Nathan, "I should, with negligible exception, promptly shut down every play that was doing more than 3,000 dollars a week." Molière, whom Professor Matthews quotes, thought differently: "I am willing to trust the decision of the multitude; and I hold it as difficult to combat a work which the public approves as to defend one which it condemns." The Professor agrees. "The eternally dominating element in the theatre is the audience," he says. If the dramatist cannot win the approval of the playhouse crowd, he should write, not plays, but novels. The printed play is nothing. "To judge a play by reading it is like judging a picture by a photograph." The dramatist must please, not the play-readers, but the playgoers, "and if they render a verdict against him he has no appeal to posterity. It is a matter of record that a play which failed to please the public in its author's lifetime never succeeded later in establishing itself on the stage."

Professor Matthews, you see, is quite definite about it, and he has Molière and others behind him. We cannot just say "Rubbish!" in the Nathan manner. We cannot content ourselves with a comparison of "Strife" with "Tons of Money," or "Heartbreak House" with "Chu Chin Chow." We shall have to examine the matter. Now, the first thing to be noted is that playwriting is not an art alone, but also a craft. I suppose that the difference between an art and a craft is this: that an art is something personal to the artist, whereas a craft is inevitably a collaboration. A sonnet is complete in itself; that Wordsworth wrote it is all that matters. But a chair wants not only Chippendale to make it, but a collaborator to sit in it. If, in his lifetime, humanity had suddenly become two sizes broader in the beam, and three sizes shorter in the leg, Chippendale's chairs would have taken on a different beauty; but Keats would not have changed by a word his "Ode to a Nightingale." Indeed, we may almost say that a chair would not be a beautiful thing at all if mankind had been so constructed that we could never sit down; in other words, that it is only beautiful because it is useful. As another writer has suggested, the reason why a castle is beautiful, and a castellated mansion an abomination, is that the ancient castle was built for use and the modern castellation was only built for ornament. Left to himself a craftsman is without inspiration.

A dramatist is both artist and craftsman. He is a stage-craftsman by reason of the fact that he collaborates with the public. To put it vulgarly, every play is a bluff. Things didn't happen so, and couldn't happen so, but the dramatist is going to bluff the audience into believing (for three hours, anyway) that things did happen so. The manner of his bluff depends upon the attitude to the stage of the contemporary audience; the intelligence of the people; the conventions of the period; and so forth. That is to say, it is dictated to him by his collaborators, the playgoers. Suppose that a dramatist wishes the audience to know what his hero's thoughts are in a certain crisis. If the conventions of his time allow of soliloquy, he makes his hero soliloquize. A soliloquy is neither good art nor bad art in itself; it

is merely good craftsmanship or bad craftsmanship, according to whether the audience is prepared or unwilling to accept it. But it is bad art if the speech, as *thought*, is untrue to character. On the modern stage soliloquy is unacceptable by the audience. A modern dramatist, then, has to find some other way in which to get his hero's thoughts across the footlights. Perhaps he makes him, under the stress of great emotion, burst out with them in the presence of other of the characters. It does not follow that the dramatist conceives his hero capable of exposing himself thus in public. All that the dramatist says is, "My hero would *think* like this (or I am no artist). But I am trying to bluff you into believing, just while the scene lasts, that he might actually *say* it. And if I can't do that, then I shall try to make the speech so good that you won't stop to ask yourself whether he could or couldn't have spoken it in public; you will let yourself be carried away by it."

It is obvious, of course, that in this matter the author is very much in the hands of his players. I emphasize again that, in detail, no play can be in the least like life; the essentials are true, but the details only masquerade truth. The author puts up a bluff, and the players carry it out. But the author is also very much in the hands of his audience. If they won't be carried away, they won't be carried away. If a scene, written to be judged by their hearts in a moment of emotion, is referred coldly to the judgment of their heads, the dramatist instinctively reacts to it. He is no less an artist for that. It just happens that he works in a sensitive medium which has no stable quantity. (No doubt a tattooist would sympathize with him.) Professor Matthews, on this point, speaks with great understanding of "Agamemnon." The beacons announce that Troy is taken; within an hour Agamemnon (absurdly enough) is home again! Modern criticism labours to explain that what Æschylus really meant was this, that, and the other. The simple explanation is that Æschylus knew that his audience, seeing the beacons through the eyes of the watchman, would now want to see Agamemnon, and would want to see him at once. Whether Agamemnon could do a three weeks' journey in an hour had nothing to do with the play, and still less to do with their enjoyment of the play. You may call them unsophisticated, or you may call them uncommonly wise; but, whatever they were, Æschylus knew them and wrote for them. For a more sophisticated (or less wise) public he would have written very different plays. But, since he was an artist, they also would have been the plays of Æschylus.

And now we might ask ourselves (and Professor Matthews): What do we mean by "the plays" of Æschylus, or Shakespeare, or Sheridan? What do we mean by "Hamlet"? Do we mean Irving's "Hamlet," or Tree's, or Forbes Robertson's? We mean none of these. We mean Shakespeare's "Hamlet." And Shakespeare's play of "Hamlet" can only be found in the printed book. The Professor himself tells us how certain characters in "The School for Scandal" should be played. How does he know? Because he has read the play. When a critic damns Barker's production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (as does Mr. Nathan), he means that, from his *reading* of the play, he feels certain that Shakespeare meant something different. To the dramatist as artist the printed play is everything; it is his appeal to posterity. To the dramatist as craftsman the acted play is something less than everything; for, until he shares with the Almighty the privilege of creating flesh-and-blood people, it can never be played as he saw it. It is useless to say that Shakespeare wrote "Hamlet" for Burbage. He may have seen Burbage

* "Playwrights on Playmaking." (Scribner. 10s. 6d.)

as he began to write, but after a dozen lines he saw only Hamlet. But if to the dramatist as craftsman the acted play is never all that he meant, the play acted three hundred years later, under a different convention, would be a nightmare. Many critics write of a Shakespearean production as if the real "Macbeth" (or whatever it may be) were waiting round the corner for the ideal producer and the ideal cast. The real "Macbeth" is an impossibility; just as an ideal production of "Man and Superman" would have been an impossibility in Shakespeare's day. We may read and enjoy Shakespeare's plays, because he was a great artist; but we can never see them performed. He was much too great a craftsman for that.

MARK RUTHERFORD.

By LADY ROBERT CECIL.

THE new edition of Mark Rutherford's novels, which comes to us from Messrs. Unwin,* is welcome, if only for the finely appreciative introduction by Mr. Massingham, one of the few critics who seem able to write about this author without a touch of faintly patronizing superiority. The edition would be still more welcome if, beside the novels, it included all W. Hale White's writings; his output was not large, and he is not to be judged by the novels only. These are of great interest, historical and otherwise, but if we turn to them again and again, as we do, I think it is not primarily to enjoy ironical portraits of Early Victorian dissenting ministers, farmers, and shopkeepers, or because we have become fond of Madge and Clara Hopgood, or Catherine Furze or Baruch, or Zachariah Coleman. The public instinct was quite right when it selected the "Autobiography" for fame. To what extent these tales are actually autobiographical is no business of ours, but it is impossible not to recognize that the really absorbing interest in each of them is the reaction to circumstances of the independent, rather sardonic and profoundly religious mind which we have come to know as Mark Rutherford. His name is associated with unorthodoxy, but to our own time his faith is more remarkable than his scepticism. Again and again belief in the unseen overrules the lives of the passionately serious young men and young women in these novels. The vision may be "pale," but it possesses an authority they are forced "unconditionally to obey."

Meeting an author whose work one has admired may be a disconcerting experience, and even cause a revised estimate. Acquaintance with Mark Rutherford, even in old age, and under the shadow of depressing illness, brought no disillusionment. His talk was very like his writing, and both were, I suppose, a singularly exact expression of his thought. His manner too, aloof, slightly forbidding and rebellious, but warm-hearted, was characteristic. Just so, if one had thought about it, might one have imagined the author of the novels to look, and in just such a house, old, plain, delicately ordered, and rather sombre, would it have been fitting to place him.

In his most melancholy moods Mark Rutherford's style has a robust and positive quality, and this was very striking in his conversation. The force and precision of his tone sometimes contrasted curiously with the content of what he was saying. To hear Mark Rutherford say, "The reason why I have never been able to fight is because I have never been able to be sure," suggested anything but passive surrender.

It is, however, probably true that he neither felt, nor would admit, any confidence in himself. He had an ingenious habit of self-depreciation, delighting to say, or write in a letter, such things as: "I, who know little or nothing of modern philosophy and, in fact, hardly anything of any philosophy"; "My reading has been very narrow"; "I can pick out certain definite single qualities in people, but am a fool at putting them together to make a person"; "I cannot write letters because I am so slow—my scrawls have nothing organic in them—I cannot help it—I was so from youth upwards." Or he would complain of stagnation: "I have such a horror of the green scum."

His friends only saw an intensely critical interest in life at almost all points. On the right day he could take a malicious pleasure in political or other gossip, or in discussing some current absurdity. The word "Puritan" was then used indiscriminately as a term of abuse much as "Victorian" is now, and, if saintliness were imputed, it would be with the saving clause "without a trace of Puritanism." It was pleasant to hear Mark Rutherford's contemptuous: "That is one of those perfectly meaningless stock-phrases. You might as well say. . . ." I have forgotten the illustration, but it was, of course, to the effect that Puritanism stood not for a single quality but for a system, and a group of qualities. Humbug, pretentiousness, and borrowed opinions he could not endure, and one felt it dangerously easy by some inane or vulgar remark to produce disgust, or even a fit of seemingly hopeless depression.

In times of great weakness he turned to the old and familiar—the poets, or it might be Gibbon's "Immortal Fifteenth Chapter. It amazes me to speechlessness as it always did. O, me! to think that books were actually once written in that way." At others he would be absorbed in a new novel; or in Turgenev, for whose art he had a great admiration; or in the poems of Emily Brontë suddenly given to us in 1910, "I shall have to read every line that is new to me," or Mr. Doughty's "Arabia," or the works of J. M. Synge. These attracted him, and characteristically he began to find out all he could about the writer. To further this purpose a certain book was sent to him. Back it came by return of post: "I cannot stand Mr. —. Read page —. I hope you will then know why I cannot stand him."

Mark Rutherford's judgments upon contemporary work were sometimes drastic—a single significant sentence would be singled out, and with "that stamps a man" the whole of Mr. So-and-So's industry would be swept aside. He had perhaps no great love for the academic mind, and still less for the culture of literary cliques. The influence of G. H. Lewes upon George Eliot's career seemed to him as unaccountable as it was unfortunate. What was the attraction? "A literary man! A London literary man!"

Books bearing upon religion, if they were at all "fresh," seemed to fascinate Mark Rutherford. Henry Sidgwick's letters he read and carefully annotated, delighting in the author's candour and detachment and marvelling greatly at his point of view. "The academic method of handling important subjects is strange." Several of Dr. Inge's books were treated in the same way. "Faith made me think and think." One day in the summer of 1911 there was talk in the garden at Groombridge of some book in which the author had declared that proof or disproof of the existence of God would make no difference to his enjoyment of the visible world. Mark Rutherford expressed utter dissent: "I can say exactly the opposite," he said in his intense, emphatic way; "all this"—it was a glorious afternoon—"all this would mean nothing to me unless I believed that there were something behind."

* "The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford." With an Introduction by H. W. Massingham.—"The Deliverance of Mark Rutherford."—"The Revolution in Tanner's Lane."—"Miriam's Schooling."—"Catherine Furze."—"Clara Hopgood." (Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d. each.)

It is sometimes objected that Mark Rutherford's style does not altogether conform to modern standards, that he is careless, clumsy even in his methods of handling a story. There is some truth in this. He is not to be counted among the great masters of fiction; his stories, one is often made to feel, are not so much an end in themselves as a means to some other end. His particular gift, perhaps, ran in a rather different direction, like that of the neglected writer described in "Clara Hopgood"—"I should have thought that some notice would have been taken of him. He is evidently worth it." "Yes, but though he was original and reflective he had no particular talent. His excellence lay in criticism and observation, often profound, on what came before him every day." This is a cold estimate, but may perhaps be taken to express pretty nearly the originating purpose of the series of novels which "Clara Hopgood" brings to a close.

The observation is that of a poet, the criticism that of a scholarly and ironic mind, and, if we add that Mark Rutherford possessed a deep knowledge of religious experience and the genius to set it down with exact fidelity, his hold upon an increasingly attentive public is easily explained. We do not know much "about" Mark Rutherford—his seclusion was jealously guarded—but Mark Rutherford himself, what he loved, what he hated, what he believed, this we can know, for no writer has put himself more truthfully into his work.

Groombridge no doubt was aware of his fame, but it is likely that Mr. Hale White's neighbours saw him chiefly as a sincere, strongly prejudiced, anxiously affectionate, rather strangely silent, but lovable man.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

TREATY-BREAKING ON THE RHINE.

SIR,—It is doubtful whether, even among serious students of foreign affairs, it is realized how greatly the French in the Rhineland have been driven by their first false step, in seizing the Ruhr, to violate, not only the general conscience of the outside world and the most elementary principles of liberty and justice, but also the actual legal instrument on which their tenure of power in the Rhineland rests, viz., the appendix to the Treaty of Versailles, commonly known as the "Rhineland Agreement."

In this Agreement the conditions under which the Occupation is to be carried out are quite precisely specified. Even in its deepest humiliation at Versailles in 1919, the German Government signed no blank cheque for the Occupying Powers to fill in later at their leisure. The rights and powers to be exercised by the occupying forces were expressly and by treaty DELEGATED to them by the German Government; and apart from the powers so delegated, sovereignty—so it is explicitly laid down in black and white—remains with the German Government. The position, then, which the Treaty sets up is *not* one in which all authority is vested in the Inter-Allied executive organ, the Inter-Allied Rhineland High Commission at Coblenz, nor in the commanders-in-chief of the occupying armies, with such minor competences left in German hands as might for administrative purposes be convenient to the Allies, but the precise opposite of any such arrangement. Residual powers and ultimate sovereignty rest with the German Government, and only in matters concerning the "maintenance, safety, and requirements of the Allied and Associated forces" (Article 3 of the Agreement) is the Inter-Allied High Commission, acting for the Allied and Associated Powers, entitled to issue Ordinances binding on the German authorities. Further articles of the Agreement make quite clear what kind of interference with the normal German administration the Rhineland Commission's Ordinances were intended to cover, in that they specifically mention billeting of troops, provision of necessary supplies by way of requisition, allocation of barracks and other premises for the troops,

maintenance by rail and road of a proper system of communications, and so on. Nothing, in short, beyond what could normally and honestly be regarded as implied in the term "maintenance, safety, and requirements of the Allied and Associated forces."

When one asks how this Agreement has in practice been interpreted, the answer can be given without fear of contradiction, that so far as the British zone is concerned, it has been fairly and honestly applied both in spirit and detail. *No political use has been made of powers intended to serve a purely military end.* Of the French and Belgian zones the same cannot be said. From the very beginning of the Occupation the authorities, both military and civilian, of France and Belgium have strained every nerve to turn the military occupation to political account. Until the beginning of this year, however, a certain restraint was imposed by the desire to maintain a united front in the Rhineland Commission itself, from which, in virtue of the Rhineland Agreement, major orders to the German authorities had to emanate in order to be binding. Such orders, moreover, had to go out over the signature of one English- and one French-speaking signatory. With the open breach between British and French policy in January last, these considerations went by the board. The pretence of Allied solidarity was scrapped, the British representative on the Commission habitually refrained from voting whenever any measure in execution of the Ruhr policy was involved, and the French and Belgian High Commissioners were left to issue Ordinances as they pleased, "in virtue of the instructions received by certain High Commissioners from their Governments." This phrase forms an essential part of the preamble to the most drastic Ordinances issued by the French and Belgians in their determination to break passive resistance, and of itself indicates the insufficiency of the legal basis of those Ordinances.

It is unnecessary here, and at this date, to dwell in detail on these edicts. It is enough to say that, backed by the sanction of overwhelming military force, they constitute the formal basis for the whole series of grossly repressive measures by which the French have, after eight months' struggle, succeeded in breaking down the resistance of the Rhenish population to the illegal invasion of the Ruhr. *The High Commission, which, as a civilian body, was to safeguard not only the safety of the occupying troops against German obstruction, but also German civil sovereignty against illegitimate inroads on the part of the Allied military, is made the instrument of the complete ousting of German sovereignty, and of the setting up in its place of a Franco-Belgian military domination.*

What, one wonders, do British statesmen like Lord Grey, whose concern for the sanctity of treaties is common knowledge, make of this situation? Does their long divorce from office deprive them of that living contact with reality without which no constructive policy can be born? Are they blind to the sheer iniquity—not merely inexpediency—of that which is being done, formally in the name of a treaty, actually in prostitution of that treaty? Or are they simply afraid, where present-day France is concerned, to speak out what they know in their hearts to be the truth, and to denounce as treaty-breaking of the most iniquitous type that which is undoubtedly so? Whatever grounds may be adduced in support of French action, treaty-sanction is not one of them; and those who proclaim to a world nauseated with discredited phrases the peculiar reverence of Britain for the sanctity of treaties, owe it to the honour of their own people, as well as to the need of a dying civilization, to frame a living policy and to act upon it.—Yours, &c.,

C. E. ELLINGTON WRIGHT.

GERMANY AND REPARATIONS.

SIR,—When so many months of inventive activity have been expended in attempts to find a constructive Reparations policy in substitution for that of the Ruhr occupation, it is a little bold to make a proposal which claims at one stroke to remove Germany's principal economic difficulty and to make a substantial contribution to the payment of Reparations. Nevertheless, that is what this letter ventures to do—perhaps rashly.

The basis for the proposal is to be found in these three considerations: that the principal obstacle to the economic recovery of Germany is the absence of a sound currency; that the provision of such a currency, being intimately

dependent on confidence in the issuers, is an operation of peculiar difficulty for any German Government; and finally, that the issue of paper money is an exceedingly profitable business to the issuing parties. The proposal itself is that we—that is, ourselves and any great Powers willing to join us—should undertake to supply Germany with a new and efficient currency.

This letter would be immoderately lengthy if it attempted to discuss the merits of the alternative methods by which this could be done. Let us suppose the very substantial political difficulties to be removed, and imagine the presence in Berlin of a joint commission to whom has been granted the sole right of note issue in Germany, and the friendly co-operation of the German banking system. The operations of this commission are broadly similar to those of our Government when issuing its Treasury notes. It prints notes; it lends them by means of a central bank of issue to the dependent banking system, who relend them, or titles to them, to the business men and other customers who apply to them for loans. In effect, the German people hire from the commission, through the banks, a stock of paper instruments for conducting their business, and pay for them in the form of book debts and the annual bank interest charged upon them.

There seems no good reason to doubt that a well-devised note issue of this kind would be accepted by the German people as readily as they now accept and use our Treasury notes. Their confidence would be strengthened by the support of the Reichsbank gold reserve, the opening of credits of moderate amounts in certain European capitals, and by their knowledge of the financial strength and self-interest of the issuing parties. The notes, presumably, should be maintained at their nominal value, not by convertibility into gold, but by limitation of issue.

This leads to the all-important consideration: the amount of notes the German people need and would retain permanently in circulation in order to carry through their current business transactions. The French people, whose currency arrangements are broadly similar to those of Germany, now find employment for a stock of notes of a present sterling value of some £500 millions. The German people's existing stock of notes is practically worthless. It seems fair to suppose that they could find permanent employment for a new note issue equal to that of France. We may, at any rate, do the arithmetic on this basis.

On this assumption, the commission would be able to lend to German banks, and through them to the German people, notes equivalent in value to some £400 millions; and do so with considerable confidence that that amount would remain permanently in circulation. In exchange for these pieces of paper they would obtain private commercial claims against German business men to a similar amount, and would receive an annual interest payment of, say, £20 millions. Before long these interest payments could be used to buy foreign bills for transfer to the Reparations Commission in much the same way as a part of the tax-proceeds of our own Government is employed to purchase foreign bills for transfer to the U.S.A. in payment of the annual charges on our debt to that country.

If it is true that the political difficulties of the plan are very great, it is also true that its successful introduction might yield very substantial advantages. To provide Germany with a new and efficient currency would be to make as great a contribution as any single operation could make to her economic recovery. To do so by measures which would substantially increase the possibility of early Reparation payments appears, on the face of it, to be good business. To act at all on constructive principles would be at least a relief from a policy of hopeless acquiescence in the acts of others, and at lowest a retort, not unsatisfying to human nature, to the devastating measures of the Ruhr occupation.

—Yours, &c.,

F. LAYINGTON.

Emmanuel College, Cambridge.

THE BRITISH TEMPERAMENT.

SIR,—As the menace of the whirlpool becomes more insistent, it is to be hoped that in the interests of veracity our historians will put on record that the temper of the English people at this moment is neither regret for the

glories and comforts of the past, nor any special confidence in their ability to muddle through the present, nor a particular alarm for themselves or their children, nor even anger at the Versailles betrayal, nor a withering contempt for post-war politicians, nor sullen despair, nor insane hope, but a polite boredom, especially on account of the interminable discussion that proceeds from the wise men who are supposed to be sailing the ship. The cursed word "Reparations" only induces a yawn. It reminds one of nothing so much as the attitude of the rank and file during the military disasters of '15 and '16. Involved in some terrible predicament occasioned, as a rule, by the Napoleonic brain-wave of a superior officer, the English soldier did not give way to any strong emotion, though his language was probably lurid; nor did he call upon the gods of Courage and Self-sacrifice or any other god to sustain him. He was simply and enormously bored, anxious, of course, to do the right thing and get away with it, but primarily "fed-up" with the whole situation—the unintelligible orders and counter-orders, the pompous death-warrants disguised in technical jargon, the circular movements to nowhere in particular, the marches and counter-marches and futile fatigues; battles fought in the wrong direction, or at the wrong time, or with the wrong equipment, or in the wrong formation, or with the wrong numbers, or with everything wrong; all the waste and muddle and fuss and confusion and uselessness of an unsuccessful campaign. Amid all this the English soldier remained good-tempered, incredulous, and uninterested, the despair of generals, commanding officers, and padres, and other ardent souls anxious to communicate their faith to the impassive man. Whether this temper will triumph in the greater difficulties of the Peace, as it did in the War, remains to be seen. But it must have been of someone like this common soldier that Horace was thinking when he wrote:

"Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinae."

—Yours, &c.,

WILLIAM C. SEARLE.

Artillery Mansions, Westminster.

"WELL, LET IT GO TO PIECES."

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to an article by A. G. G. in your issue of the 13th, entitled "Well, let it go to Pieces." It appears that in various quarters the Mr. Clinton Gilbert quoted by Mr. Gardiner has been confused with Mr. Parker Gilbert, the very able and enlightened Under-Secretary of the U.S. Treasury, who has just concluded a visit to Europe.

As Mr. Parker Gilbert is on the sea, I hasten to explain that there is absolutely no connection between him and the gentleman mentioned by your contributor.—Yours, &c.,

ELIZABETH BIRESCO.

13, Hyde Park Gardens, W.

October 18th, 1923.

CURRENCY POLICY AND UNEMPLOYMENT.

SIR,—I am unable to perceive in my previous letter any evidence of a "misunderstanding of how currency gets into circulation," or any evidence of the naïve illusions with which you credit me. My remarks dealt with the effect upon prices and unemployment of spending money raised by loan upon the present basis of legal tender, and that of raising the money by printing more Treasury notes in order to broaden the basis of legal tender and stimulate prices. This distinction is adopted and amplified in your own editorial notes; and surely it is obvious that contractors would be paid by cheque even though the wherewithal were raised by a fresh issue of legal tender. But there is all the difference in the world between raising the money by loan, which would bear interest, which would have to be redeemed, and which would not affect either prices or unemployment, and the method of raising the money by printing more notes, which would bear no interest, which need not be redeemed, and which would powerfully affect unemployment by stimulating prices.

My proposals involve much more than to merely "raise the maximum limit of the fiduciary note issue." There are two ways in which the Government can follow a policy of inflation. One is, while effecting a reduction of the Bank Rate and raising the maximum limit of the fiduciary note issue, to wait for reviving public confidence to produce an

increasing demand for credit. The other is to proceed to stimulate confidence and demand by initiating works of their own to be paid for by fresh issues of notes, thus stimulating prices. The difference is that between a policy of waiting and a policy of action. The one policy will mean the elimination of unemployment in the course of a few years. The other will mean its elimination in the course of a few months. Currency "gets into circulation" by being spent; and confidence, like money, is a manufactured article. The Government can take the initiative in this matter, while business men hesitate, because they need be under no apprehension as to the future trend of prices, which depends upon their own policy.

I know of no practical limits to such action save those of law and policy, which are obviously within the power of the Government to determine; and I know of no limit to the effect of such a policy upon unemployment save the practically complete absorption of the unemployed. This only should set the limit to inflation.—Yours, &c.,

CHARLES EDWARD PELL.

21, Westbourne Avenue, Acton, W. 3.

October 22nd, 1923.

[Perhaps what Mr. Pell fails to understand is the significance of a Ways and Means Advance.—ED., THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM.]

SIR,—If I might venture the suggestion, your editorial comment on Mr. Pell's proposal to expand currency as the best means of eliminating present unemployment would be the better for some elucidation. You say that issuing one hundred million new Treasury Notes to finance public works would be no different from paying for them by cheque in the ordinary way, or by a Ways and Means Advance. By that it would look as if you meant that it is all the same if public works are paid for out of taxation or by a creation of new currency.

Surely if the Government pays its servants with one hundred million new Treasury Notes, instead of out of taxes, these people will have £100 million purchasing power, while the taxpayers will still have the £100 million which would otherwise have gone in taxation, with the net result that there will be £100 million more purchasing power available than there was before. This £100 million will be used almost entirely to buy goods of some sort. After that it may be "promptly returned to the banks," but not before it has provided the effective demand for goods necessary for a business revival.

Naturally, I cannot believe that you have tripped up on such an elementary point of currency theory, and so presume that by payment by cheque and a Ways and Means Advance you must mean an expansion of bank credit not repaid out of taxation, or, in any case, not repaid until very much later. If that is your meaning I cordially agree that such a course is to be preferred to that suggested by Mr. Pell; but to read that meaning into your comment as it stands, seems to me next to impossible. Will you not take this opportunity of making clear what you consider would be the effect on unemployment of financing public works by currency or credit expansion, instead of by the regular means of taxation?—Yours, &c.,

P. W. MARTIN.

92, Rue de la Servette, Geneva.

October 23rd, 1923.

[A Ways and Means Advance is a Government overdraft with the Bank of England. Contractors, paid by cheques drawn upon this credit, will require precisely as many Currency Notes for the payment of their wages-bills as they would if a batch of notes were printed specially for the purpose. The banks, into which the contractors pay the Government cheques, have their nominal cash at the Bank of England increased by the full amount of the cheques paid in; and they can use this increased "cash" to purchase the additional notes required from the Currency Note Issue Department. The Government, receiving in this way payment for notes which cost it nothing to print, is then able to pay off the overdraft, without any increase in taxation. We repeat that the effects of the process are at every stage identical with those of a special issue of Currency Notes. The degree to which it would be wise to pursue either method is, of course, another matter.—ED., THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM.]

JOHN MORLEY.

SIR,—A. G. G. wrote in THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM for the 29th of September a fine tribute to the memory of Lord Morley. But the arresting part for some was the Harcourt-Rosebery controversy. In it A. G. G. contended that John Morley was solely responsible for substituting Lord Rosebery for Sir William Harcourt as Prime Minister, despite the latter's higher claims, and that it was a blemish on Morley that he afterwards failed Lord Rosebery because he did not receive the Foreign Secretaryship. On the first point I would agree with A. G. G., but the latter is another matter. In May, 1894 (during the Rosebery administration), Morley writes: "I am well content with my lot as it is." Besides Harcourt's difficult disposition at times, and Lord Rosebery's fascination, I suggest Mr. Asquith's influence in the decision. "Asquith and I, now as always, understood each other." Morley's failure to secure the Chancellorship of the Exchequer under Campbell-Bannerman must have been a far keener disappointment. Many who witnessed the formation of C.-B.'s Cabinet were amazed. Morley's influence in the country in those dark days of Liberalism had been greater than C.-B.'s. They did the work and handed on the torch. Yet the Liberal Imperialists—"the Neo-Palmerstonians"—out of proportion to their deserts, carried off the chief prizes—one of them "not fertile," one having "no pinions," one being even Chancellor of the Exchequer. Thus Morley missed the Premiership. But he speaks always with affection of the brave C.-B., and says "his ascendancy over the House of Commons has never been surpassed." And that chance Lord Rosebery never had.

Alas! the actors, our heroes, have nearly all passed. We still climb the hill, but not in their presence. *Sunt lacrimæ rerum.*—Yours, &c.,

RICHARD GILLBARD.

Willesden Green, N.W.

THE U.S. IMMIGRATION LAW.

SIR,—The paragraph from an American correspondent in your editorial notes of last week calls for a small but not unimportant correction. The quota of immigrants admitted—3 per cent. of the nationals resident in the United States—is based upon the Census of 1910, not 1920. The proposal to alter the basis of calculation, which has been discussed ever since the present distressful rush to New York on the first of each month began, is that the Census of 1890 should be taken as the basis of calculation. That year marks a point well in advance of the great exodus of the Eastern European peoples. For the purpose of racial selection the existing basis (1910) is manifestly of no value.—Yours, &c.,

S. K. RATCLIFFE.

National Liberal Club, Whitehall Place, S.W. 1.

October 23rd, 1923.

POETRY

THE GARDENER.

(From "The Princess in the Sleeping Wood.")

THE gardener was dark as tongues of nightingales
That in the wide leaves tell a thousand Grecian tales

And sleep in golden nets of summer light.
"Sweet fig," he called me, and would stay the flight

Of plums that seemed Jove's golden feathered rain.
Then birds, like Fortunatus, moved again

Among the boughs with silent feathered feet,
Spraying down dew like jewels among the sweet

Green darkness; figs, each like a purse of gold,
Grow among leaves like rippled water green and cold.

"Beneath those laden boughs," the gardener sighs,
"Dreaming in endlessness, forgotten beauty lies."

EDITH SITWELL.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

"ARABIA DESERTA."

THE fate of Mr. Doughty's book describing his travels in Arabia has been a strange one. Published thirty-five years ago and tardily recognized as a masterpiece, it has always been difficult to obtain, for during the greater part of its thirty-five years of life it has remained in that state of suspended animation which publishers call "out of print." This is the more curious since for the last seventeen years it has existed in two forms, one of which was obviously intended for popular consumption. The original complete work had been published in 1888 under the title "Travels in Arabia Deserta"; it went out of print and was not again published in this complete form until 1921. But in 1908 an abridged version of the book was published under the title "Wanderings in Arabia"; it was reissued in 1912, but even the abridged edition has been for many years out of print. Both forms have now been reissued by different publishers. Messrs. Jonathan Cape and the Medici Society produce the whole work in two volumes at three guineas, and Messrs. Duckworth publish "Wanderings in Arabia" in two volumes at 20s. A word may be said about the two editions. I imagine that "Travels in Arabia Deserta" is about twice the length of "Wanderings in Arabia," for the one contains roughly 1,300 and the other 600 pages. Only considerations of cost—and very serious they are with this book—would induce me to read the work in its abridged form, for Mr. Doughty is one of those writers whom the more you read the more you appreciate. And the curtailment of the book has only been possible at considerable sacrifice. To take one instance, Chapters XIII. to XVIII. of the complete work are omitted from the abridged version; they relate in 150 pages Mr. Doughty's wanderings with the Moahib tribe, and are certainly not inferior to most of the chapters which have been included.

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No one who knows anything about the present costs of book production and the public appetite for "serious works" will lightly blame any publisher for high prices. Yet it is impossible not to regret that "Arabia Deserta" cannot be produced at a price which would enable the "plain man" to put it on his shelf side by side with Borrow. I do not see any reason why he should not do so. The book is a work of the highest art, but it also has all the fascination of the greatest travel-books. No doubt there are certain obstacles in the way of a wide popularity for it, but they are not, I think, insuperable. The greatest obstacle is Mr. Doughty's style. To most people, when they begin to read "Arabia Deserta," the style appears to be inconceivably contorted, crabbed, archaic. The sentences twist themselves into a curious kind of gnarled Elizabethanism which is unlike anything which you have previously met with between the covers of a book. You inevitably stumble over a sentence like this:—

"It was a mirth to see how Zeyd, to save his penny, could play the Solubby, and such he seemed sweating between two fires of the hot coals and the scalding sun at high noon, till the hunger-bitten chaps were begrimed of his black and in fatigue, hard-favoured visage."

There are thousands of sentences like this, and, when you first find yourself among them, they rasp your mind so that it requires a painful effort to force your way through them. But only continue to do so and gradually you will

find that the—always astonishing—miracle of great literature is being performed for you. Personally, I had to read ninety-one pages of "Arabia Deserta" before I plainly began to feel the spirit working—in the passage describing the "amiable bloody ruffian" Mohammed Aly, the keeper of the fort:—

"A diseased senile body he was, full of ulcers, and past the middle age, so that he looked not to die long, his visage much like a fiend, dim with the leprosy of the soul and half fond; he shouted when he spoke with a startling voice, as it might have been of the ghröl: of his dark heart ruled by so weak a head, we had hourly alarms in the lonely kella. Well could he speak (with a certain erudite utterance) to his purpose, in many or in few words. These Orientals study little else, as they sit all day idle at the coffee in their male societies: they learn in this school of infinite human observation to speak to the heart of one another. . . . He returned always with a wonderful solemnity to his prayers, wherein he found a sweet foretaste of Paradise; this was all the solace here in the depths of his corrupt mind. A caterpillar himself, he could censure the criminal Ottoman administration, and pinch all their misdemeanours."

* * *

THIS style, which began by being a weariness to you, is in the end, if you will persist, the real source of intense pleasure. The highest triumph of the writer is to evolve a style which is exactly fitted to express the subject matter of his book. Writers who achieve this often suffer the penalty of having evolved a style which is unfit for any other purpose. Their fame inevitably rests upon a single solitary book; but at least it is a great book. Mr. Doughty belongs to this select and austere company. His effects are accumulative, and that is why, as I said above, the more you read him the more you appreciate him. Gradually, as you force your way page after page through the bleak, crabbed, twisted sentences, you realize that they are making you see, feel, and understand with amazing vividness Arabia Deserta and the life of its nomadic Arabs. I wrote last week of Lord Curzon's travel-book that probably in his case the style is the man; Mr. Doughty's style is not the man, Mr. Doughty, but the place, the subject of his book—Arabia Deserta. He is painting upon an immense canvas, and gradually his words and the strange, slow rhythms of his sentences weave themselves into a gigantic pattern, Arabia Deserta and the intricate slow wanderings of the Arab and Mr. Doughty over its sands. As soon as this pattern begins to become visible to you, the effect is tremendous. There is an extraordinary increase in the beauty, the emotional tension, the vividness. I do not know of any other travel-book in which one lives oneself so vividly in the author's landscape and experiences and in the lives and characters of the peoples whom he encounters. I almost feel that I have been in the kella with that amiable bloody ruffian, Mohammed Aly, that I have sat in Zeyd's tent and drifted slowly with the camels from camp to camp over the face of the desert, and taken part in those interminable male conversations over the coffee, and visited Teyma and Hayil and the black horror of Kheybar. And through this pattern of words and wanderings I have gained the vision of that strange nomad life of great antiquity which has now almost died out of the world, and of the character of the nomad Arab, so savage and so civilized, so fanatic and so tolerant, so cruel and so kind.

LEONARD WOOLF.

REVIEWS

THREE EVENINGS WITH A CRITIC.

The Collected Essays and Papers of George Saintsbury 1875-1920. Three volumes. (Dent. 31s. 6d.)

OMNIVOROUS, insatiable, the grandest glutton of books that we have seen in our time; prodigally scattering his attention over half-a-dozen languages and four-and-twenty centuries, and gathering it in again from each with the learning of a cautious specialist; and not a man of the book-closet only, but a man of the schools; and not of the schools only, but a fighter, one who has enjoyed the clatter of struggle in many a civic cause; and with all this a man of convivial freedom, the friend of all generous jollity, hospitably sharing the good things of literature and life that he has appreciated so well: Mr. Saintsbury it is, and who else could it be? Large-handed as usual, he gives us three full volumes at a blow; and, as usual, it is as though he had given us, not three volumes merely of his writing, but three lively evenings of his cheer and his sociability and his ease.

As for the volumes, the greater part of them consists of articles collected from other volumes now out of print, articles dealing mainly with English writers of the period 1780-1860; to which are added a number of more recent date and more various purport. One of our evenings, roughly speaking, is devoted to some of the lesser lights of a hundred years ago, such as Crabbe and Leigh Hunt, Jeffrey and Moore, Christopher North and the Ettrick Shepherd. Another is occupied, rather more casually and cursorily, with the bigger men of a later generation, from Tennyson to Swinburne. And in the third we let ourselves go; we talk at large on subjects that range from Spelling Reform to Bolshevism in the Cradle, and from the Grand Style to the Cookery of the Partridge. We talk, I say; for Mr. Saintsbury will be the last to expect a man to sit quiet under the hurtle of his opinions when he begins to thump the table in open controversy. The mildest of readers leaps again and again to meet him with protest and contradiction. It is a vociferous evening; it is even a stormy one at times; but there is not a moment that is dull nor a word (on either side, let us hope) that is rancorous. We part like old friends, planning to meet again as soon as possible.

And next morning, coldly reviewing the empty bottles and the broken crockery (for indeed there do seem to have been a few breakages), what shall we say of it all? Opinion on the morning after is apt to be thin and cold—and thin and cold, no doubt, in proportion to the flush and flow of the night before. It is mean of the reader to lay the blame upon Mr. Saintsbury, to be critically virtuous at his expense; but if you look at it rightly it only shows how very exhilarating his company really was. Well then, let the worst be said; and the worst, after all, is only this—that we prefer Mr. Saintsbury when he champions the lesser men, the Hoggs and the Crabbes and the Wilsons, ushering them out of the shadow of neglect into the light of his knowledge and his sympathy; we prefer his way with small things unduly forgotten to his touch when he deals with the grand and the great who are ever with us. There is none like him for knowing all that is to be known of Hook or Hood, George Ellis or Peter Pindar, and for bringing them, in twenty pages apiece, to life as men and to sufficient honour as writers; he has a marvellous acquaintance with these dim byways of literature and journalism, and the relics he produces are always things worth saving; and he celebrates them without exaggerating their claim. All this is very good, and the reason of its goodness is plain: Mr. Saintsbury can be just and kind to modest talent because he is equally at home, equally familiar, with the genius of the most illustrious. He knows the second-rate better than anyone else; but then he knows all the rest as well, and knows it better still; he proves that the way to do justice to Leigh Hunt and Theodore Hook is to have Keats and Thackeray by heart.

But the converse, unfortunately, does not hold; when we get to Keats and Thackeray there is no help in their inferiors, no help in anything but the temper of the critical brain. Full and deep and overflowing enjoyment of great books is mercifully open to any of us; but there are little weaknesses and obtusenesses in most of our minds that

prevent us from being critics of the finer sort. There is, for example, the lack of a sensitive imagination—a lack that decidedly hinders us in trying to enter the mind of genius. There is also the difficulty in raising ourselves above the immediate detail—which may hamper our attempts to generalize and examine broadly. Again, there are tough old preferences, old hobbies, old loyalties—and these are perhaps very genial and amiable, but they do impede us when we wish to be keenly analytical and perceptive. And, above all, there is the intellectual blade itself that is not as razor-edged as it might be, and there is the movement of the mind that is not as nimble, and there is the nerve of appreciation that is not as delicate—and, in short, it is very hard to be a critic of the finer sort, and very rare to meet one. And a lucky day it will be on which we meet a better than Mr. Saintsbury.

PERCY LUBBOCK.

TWO TRAVELLERS.

Equatoria, the Lado Enclave. By Major C. H. STIGAND. (Constable. 21s.)

Sea-Tracks of the Speejacks Round the World. By DALE COLLINS. (Heinemann. 21s.)

THE experiences of Major Stigand in Africa lasted through years of patient labour and responsibility; Mr. Collins hastened round the world in a motor-boat. If the simple facts suggest to a reader that Mr. Collins does all the shouting, we must admit the validity of the inference here and now. Whether he makes himself heard better than the less vocal veteran from Equatorial Africa, we must endeavour to decide.

Stigand, killed by rebels in the south of Sudan three years ago, was at the time Governor of the Mongalla Province. The details of his life, collected by General Sir Richard Wingate, reveal such originality of mind and force of character that he would seem to have been on the way to fame. As a subaltern in Burma some twenty years before, Stigand had surprised his companions with his hobby of taming cobras. Stationed at Aden, he disguised himself as an Arab, and carried out reconnaissances for his own amusement which proved valuable; his intimacy with native customs was out of the common. In 1901 he brought off feats of gallantry in an expedition against the Somali Mullah. His fine physique, which had in his youth earned him a medal from Sandow, coupled with his fine personality, gave him a great reputation with tribesmen. From time to time he published books, in which his gifts as field-naturalist, hunter, administrator, were to be recognized; one of them described a journey to Abyssinia by a route hitherto unknown to a white man. Stigand was the British representative who "took over" the Lado Enclave from the Belgians in 1910, and his experience and judgment were deeply valued by higher authority.

It is this sensible, staunch, and versatile man whom the discerning reader of "The Lado Enclave" will have in his mind's eye as he turns the pages. Stigand's latest book, in modest but workmanlike style, gathers up an extraordinary quantity of information concerning the region, its history, its dialects, its manners and customs. There is no forcing any phenomenal discovery upon us; all is told as though it had become natural, yet not hackneyed, to the narrator. Stigand had the quality of open-mindedness, dismissing nothing as worth nothing because casual reference might dismiss it so, avoiding superiority, which sometimes masquerades in humorous dress. Not that things in the vicinity of the Upper Nile had no humorous side for him: "I unsuspectingly asked Amula how many brothers he had. He, like most of these chiefs, is possessed of a wonderful memory, and he immediately named fifty now living, and would have continued had I not stopped him at this figure." Or again: "Martial ardour is evoked by the beating of drums, blowing of horns, and drinking of beer." He does not belabour us with the "absurdity" of things sometimes queerly like, sometimes unlike, our own habits. He acclimatizes us.

From these kindly and seasoned observations, altogether forming an important contribution to the Central African library, the fruit of an intimacy which can rarely be made

again, it is an abrupt change to take up Mr. Collins's reminiscences. The "Speejacks," a motor-boat just short of a hundred feet long, was built by Mr. Albert Y. Gowen of Chicago for his honeymoon, a voyage round the world. Never previously had motor-boat equalled Captain Cook's record. It was a gorgeous trip—gorgeous. Mrs. Gowen, Mr. Gowen, Mr. Ira J. Ingraham with his cinematograph machine, Mr. B. F. Rogers, Mr. Collins with his fountain pen, and the crew of seven, all flourished "out on the purple ocean," and in polychromatic harbours teeming with glamour. Gramophone, wireless telephone, and telephones in the cabins did their part, and the "Speejacks" ran on and on, now "sliding through the silken gloom like a glimmering mermaid," now "staggering on, a dim, sea-whipped ghost." While he was taking his watch as quartermaster, Mr. Collins was able to remark "in the wheelhouse deep velvet gloom stabbed by the golden shaft from the binnacle." As a rather drab detail, it must be noted that the "Speejacks," her cruising radius being 2,000 miles, was towed across the Southern Pacific by a tramp. Perish the thought! What odds did that make, when afterwards she made light of her eight knots an hour, and took her voyagers to places where such magnificent fish awaited the hook, and ports in regions which Caesar never knew, where hard cases whiled away the night with laconic memories? "They told better yarns than that, too, while the gramophone bayed to the big-eyed stars." The whole tour was a remarkable piece of organization by Mr. Gowen, and as Mr. Ingraham must have collected cinematograph pictures *ad lib.*, so Mr. Collins filled his notebook with kindred tableaux.

EDMUND BLUNDEN.

TUXIGRAPHE.

Phoenix: Tragi-comedy in Three Acts. By LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE. (Secker. 5s.)

"Je crois, monsieur, que vous vous trompez, répondit Ricaric à Sélim. L'Académie est encore le sanctuaire du bon goût; et ses beaux jours ne nous effrent ni philosophes, ni poètes auxquels nous n'en ayons aujourd'hui à opposer. Notre théâtre passait et peut passer encore pour le premier théâtre de l'Afrique. Quel ouvrage que le 'Tamerlan' de Tuxigraphe! C'est le pathétique d'Eurispé et l'élévation d'Azophe. C'est l'antiquité toute pure.

"J'ai vu, dit la favorite, la première représentation de 'Tamerlan'; et j'ai trouvé, comme vous, l'ouvrage bien conduit, le dialogue élégant et les convenances bien observées.

"Quelle différence, madame, interrompit Ricaric, entre un auteur tel que Tuxigraphe, nourri de la lecture des Anciens, et la plupart de nos modernes!

"Mais ces modernes, dit Sélim, que vous frondez ici tout à votre aise, ne sont pas aussi méprisables que vous le prétendez. Quoi donc, ne leur trouvez-vous pas du génie, de l'invention, du feu, des détails, des caractères, des tirades? Et que m'importe à moi des règles, pourvu qu'on me plaise? Ce ne sont, assurément, ni les observations du sage Almudir et du savant Abaldok, ni la poésie du docte Facardin, que je n'ai jamais lue, qui me font admirer les pièces d'Aboulcazem, de Mubardar, d'Albaboukre et de tant d'autres Sarrazins! Y a-t-il d'autre règle que l'imitation de la nature? et n'avons-nous pas les mêmes yeux que ceux qui l'ont étudiée?"—DIDEROT, "Les Bijoux Indiscrets."

How like the mythical Tuxigraphe is Mr. Abercrombie! "Phoenix," no less than "Tamerlan," combines the pathetic of Eurispé with the sublime of Azophe. The play is very properly constructed, the dialogue very eloquent, the proprieties well observed. What a difference, we cry with Ricaric, between an author like Mr. Abercrombie, who has been nurtured on the ancients, and the greater number of our modern writers! But then, when Selim has spoken, we find a direction for our real sentiments. For what do we care for the rules if we are not amused? With us, as with Selim, it is not the opinions of the wise and the learned, nor even the poetries of Facardin (reincarnated though they are in the academic essays of our present author), that make us, against the grain, admire the plays of the Saracens (shall we specify, to give the equivalents of Aboulcazem and his friends, Chekhov, Pirandello, and Hofmannsthal?). And then, are there any rules other than the imitation of nature?

This final question brings us to the issue. "Phoenix" suffers from the same fundamental defect as "Hassan" (a play on which I have heard Mr. Abercrombie pour forth premeditated praise): it lacks experiential motives. "Hassan" can perhaps be justified as a fantasy, but "Phoenix" has no

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by HARRINGTON HEXT

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intention of this kind. It is not a fantasy. It is called a "tragi-comedy," the modern jargon for a play that is neither a tragedy nor a comedy—because, as often as not, it is just muddle-headed and without design. But in justice to Mr. Abercrombie it must be said that such is not his reason. The play has real qualities of design and orderliness. But it is extremely unreal, in motive, in characterization, and in *dénouement*. It might be argued, but only in moments of mental laziness, that reality is *rather* fantastic. In literature, however, there can be no compromise between fantasy and truth (the imitation of Nature). Good fantasy, such as Gogol's tale "The Nose," is pure, almost abstract in its unrelatedness; other than fantasy there can only be a literature of sincerity—of reason or of emotion. "Phoenix" falls into the gulf between these categories. It has no reality, no imaginative purity. We are grateful for its cohesion: personally, I admire its observance of the unities. But more important than the unities are the probabilities; and can we for one moment believe in, identify ourselves with, this lecherous old King Amyntor, "old flesh salted white with years"; the Queen and mother of Phoenix, so inexplicably jealous of the old King's harlot as to bait her away with her own "innocent" son; this son, surely an exaggerated caricature of the already sufficiently idiotic English schoolboy ("Father said she was my aunt") rather than an Homeric hero; and lastly Rhodope, reminiscent of Flecker's Yasmin? How can we believe in these marauding harlots? What cavern of the subconscious mind gave them birth? The whole handling of the sexual themes in this play (a play in which there is little but sex) is infantile in the extreme. These passages are typical:—

QUEEN: Simply unnatural. In my young days
Lads knew what girls were for.

PHOENIX: Simpering things.
I know right well what the girls think they're for:
It's to make men look fools.

QUEEN: What is a girl
To gain from being made of lively flesh
If such a man as you won't look at her?

PHOENIX: This seems a pretty lesson.

QUEEN: O, you a man?
You're still a squeamish boy. I must take you
Seriously, Phoenix. Women know well enough
The sort of world they're in—yes, and like it.

PHOENIX: Well, what of that? I'm in the same world.
QUEEN: You?

You've never toucht the shadow of the world
Women belong to.

PHOENIX: Why, what is their world?

QUEEN: Men, my dear, men. But let them catch
The world they should amuse scrupling at it—
O the mere glimpse of nicety about it—
And the fun changes sides. I'll not have that
With you, Phoenix; I'll have no half-grown girl
Drolling at you because she sees you blush
To meet her eyes on you.

PHOENIX: All one to me.
For what I care, girls can be full of feelings
As a pot of boiling water is of bubbles:
I am not bothered with them.

QUEEN: What should you be?
What I am saying is, you're called a prince:
Then be one! not a startled hobbledohoy.
You can face lions: face a girl and make her
Lower her eyes, or it will be her glee
To make a gawk of you in everyone's sight.
And that, my boy, is what I will not bear.

PHOENIX: I'll have a look at her, if that will please you.
QUEEN: You'll find yourself being pleased.

Berkeley, in one of those remarks which prove that he observed humanity as well as he analyzed existence, says, "there is a cast of thought in the complexion of an Englishman which renders him the most unsuccessful rake in the world." The same cast of thought seems to make duffers of most English writers when they come to any sexual situation that is more complicated than calf-love in its psychology. It is perhaps our Puritan tradition. It is more likely our refusal to analyze our sexual emotions. How differently the Saracens, as Selim would say, how differently Mubardar and Alhaboukre would manage these things! How differently Stendhal and Choderlos de Laclos! Mr. Abercrombie should go to school with Madame de Merteuil.

HERBERT READ.

JOSEPH ADDISON AND GILBERT CHESTERTON.

Fancies versus Fads. By G. K. CHESTERTON. (Methuen, 6s.)

THE essays of Gilbert Chesterton bear the same relation to those of Joseph Addison as the musical comedies of to-day bear to the light opera of a past generation. In both cases the modern form has a less ambitious aim, is more topical, entertaining, and facile, and, in consequence, more ephemeral. Addison's staid contemplation of the tombs in Westminster Abbey is like an aria from "La Bohème." A comparison between these two essayists discovers the changes of time and fashion, the convolulus-growth of journalism, and the substitution of wits for wit. Addison is a critic, and a good one; Chesterton is a jester, and, at moments, with his quips and quiddities, his continual rattle of the cap and bells, reminds one of the tireless mediæval fool. Addison is more sorrowful than angry; Chesterton more irritated than sad. If the Spectator is a trifle over-solemn sometimes, at any rate he knows how to be serious. Of Mr. Chesterton, for ever blowing bubbles and tripping it on the light, fantastic toe, one is inclined to ask: "Why hop ye so, ye high hills?" Above all, Addison has style—witness the final paragraph of "The Hooped Petticoat"—and variety, not only of subject, more infinite than Mr. Chesterton's, but also of manner and method: this Mr. Chesterton has not.

Both of them pick holes and poke fun very pleasantly. How well Addison deals with "The Poetaster," "Stage Artifice," and "Feminine Affectation"! In this last he describes a woman of quality, newly returned from France, who, at "Macbeth"—

"a little before the rising of the curtain, broke out into a loud soliloquy, 'When will the dear witches enter?' and immediately upon their first appearance asked a lady that sat three boxes from her on her right hand if the witches were not charming creatures."

He then remarks:—

"This pretty childishness of behaviour is one of the most refined parts of coquetry, and is not to be attained in perfection by ladies that do not travel for their improvement."

There are in the "Spectator," moreover, those moral eighteenth-century observations which are the plums in that great pudding the "Lives of the Poets." Addison meditates upon the vanity of all human wishes where Chesterton ridicules particular follies of the day; and I confess to reading with emotion that:—

"Nothing that is not a real crime makes a man appear so contemptible and little in the eyes of the world as inconsistency, especially when it regards religion or party."

And this from the essay on Lampoons:—

"I have, indeed, heard of heedless, inconsiderate writers that without any malice have sacrificed the reputation of their friends and acquaintance to a certain levity of temper, and a silly ambition of distinguishing themselves by a spirit of raillery and satire: as if it were not infinitely more honourable to be a good-natured man than a wit."

What a wonderful age in which one could say these things without either feeling self-conscious or employing the manner of "If" and "Play up and play the game"!

"Fancies versus Fads" is mainly concerned with two things: first with the fallacies and foolishness of the man who writes letters to the "Daily Mail," secondly with literature. In "The Fear of the Film," "The Terror of the Toy," and "The Pagoda of Progress" Mr. Chesterton proves how very silly mankind is, with the ruthless reasoning and *reductio ad absurdum* method of a problem in Euclid. Elsewhere he casts Free Verse from him and upholds the Romance of Rhyme, and of the Nursery Rhyme in particular; it will indeed be terrible if "Old King Cole" becomes, as he suggests:—

"Old President Cole

Was a merry old organism.

He called for his milk and he called for his lozenge," &c.

He defends the Dramatic Unities very justly, noting that—

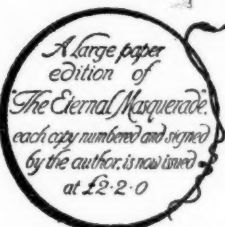
"We allow a romantic critic to be as dogmatic as Ruskin and still feel that he is not really as despotic as Boileau," and decides that superior literature is centripetal, while inferior literature is centrifugal.

I am in sympathy with nearly all his literary likes and dislikes: the criticism is for the most part easy and conjectural; but the careless dismissal of the heroines of Jane

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NEW YORK WORLD.—"... We are vastly entertained by his pungent wit and his satirical erudition. ... This avidly written book."
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Austen as prudish and sentimental and to be classed with those of Fanny Burney makes one very angry.

Mr. Chesterton is one of the Lord Mayors of Literature, proud as Malvolio of his gold chain, and yet gladly presiding and speechifying at immense provincial banquets of cakes and ale. But if he is ever silent, do his friends readily offer six shillings for his thoughts? "Fancies versus Fads" is an invaluable book for a tedious, brief, cross-country journey in the train; it contains nothing, I think, comparable with Addison's "The Exercise of the Fan."

GEORGE RYLANDS.

MR. MILNE AND HIS CRITICS.

Success. By A. A. MILNE. (Chatto & Windus. 5s.)

I HOPE Mr. Milne will not consign me to his Gallery of Bad Critics if I say that I always associate his play "Success" with a thunderstorm. It is a purely personal association, of course, for the night on which I saw the play happened to be that sweltering night on which there occurred the most violent thunderstorm in the memory of living Londoners. As for the heat, I can only say that, while I was watching the play, I forgot it; and now, after reading the play and thinking over that thunderstorm again, I feel that there is a certain aptness in the association. For the most remarkable feature of that storm was not its violence, but its entire failure to deliver us from the heat-wave. On the day after the storm the heat closed in on us more pitilessly than ever—and that is very much what happens to the Right Honourable R. Selby Mannock, M.P. Beaten and shattered by a spiritual thunderstorm, he draws a momentary breath of relief at his deliverance. But he has reckoned without his atmosphere; a still greater wave envelops him; the sweet coolness of his dream is gone; there remains only the sickening heat of "success."

In a lively preface to the published play Mr. Milne trounces the critics for their failure to grasp its real *motif*. He places himself in a Mark Sabre-like position at an inquest held upon the merits of an analogous play called "Money." One critic scorns its improbability; another its sentimentalism; another its faults of technique; another says, "Any story with a solicitor in it always bores me dreadfully"; another, "I never pay any attention to a story which has a motor-car in it"; and all the rest, in chorus, make game of the title. This preface is in Mr. Milne's best style, with a dash of pugnacity added. When critics not only treat the storm in a man's soul as a storm in a teacup, but pay most of their attention to the pattern of the cup, some slight asperity in the playwright's apologia may reasonably be forgiven.

It is the second act which holds the difficulty. At first sight it is natural, perhaps, to rush into a comparison with "Dear Brutus." But the dream in the first scene of that act is altogether different. It is not a vision of the "might have been," but a fantastic medley of past and present with the wrong people saying the right things. It is in the second scene that the dramatic critic may be forgiven for a certain lack of perception. For as one saw the play, with Sally appearing as Lady Carchester ("in the forties") and sweetly consenting to an elopement with the Cabinet Minister who is her husband's guest, it all seemed a little absurd. But Mr. Milne knows all about this absurdity—and so does Sally:—

SALLY (*giving him her hand*): It is part of the dream. (*They are hand in hand—silent.*)

MANNOCK (*quietly*): Need it be a dream? There is so much in the world that nobody knows anything about—is it too late to find it together?

SALLY (*trembling*): It is only part of the dream, dearest.

MANNOCK (*earnestly*): Need it be? . . .

Yes, of course it need be. It is this scene which indeed has the Barrie-esque flavour of the "might have been." It is only Mannock, poor fool, who does not realize that he cannot thus suddenly get clear of the waves of success. Only later does he realize it with a bitter cry:—

"My God, there's nothing I can't do! Nothing!"

It is the doom of Midas.

Mr. Milne has often been criticized for creating a big situation and then refusing to face it squarely. In "The

Truth about Blayds" there was some justice in this criticism. But it cannot rightly be applied to "Success." Mr. Milne shows us two sets of values and the tragic failure of the man who, having chosen the one, thinks suddenly to substitute the other. If it be objected that this is the familiar story of God and Mammon, it is sufficient to reply that that ancient dilemma has seldom been presented in a more delicately ironic form than in "Success."

S. C. R.

FIVE NOVELS.

Under-London. By STEPHEN GRAHAM. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.)

The Last Time. By ROBERT HICHENS. (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.)

The Eyes of Max Carrados. By ERNEST BRAMAH. (Grant Richards. 7s. 6d.)

Good Hunting. By NORMAN DAVEY. (Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d.)

The White Flag. By GENE STRATTON-PORTER. (Murray. 7s. 6d.)

"MANY will ask why this chronicle has been made," writes Mr. Stephen Graham in a concluding paragraph. It is not, indeed, quite obvious why he chose the novel for this account of life in a poor district, half slum, half suburb, somewhere east of London. He fathers an objection upon us, a snobbish objection, and yet not the right one. For even if we agreed with Sir Fopling Flutter that "beyond Hyde Park all is desert," we would not shrink from exploring so arid a region, although the inducement Mr. Graham holds out does not entice us. "Under-London is begetting Under-London all the while," he says, and hints that we ought to be impressed by this continuous reproduction.

Indeed, continuity, not development or climax, is the method of his book. It ends deliberately in bathos. We follow the lives of some half-dozen Under-London children from their earliest schooldays, through their brushes with the police, their discreditable but exciting adventures in disused yards and empty houses, their stamp-collecting and moth-hunting, their precocious, unlovely courtships. And this is the upshot:—

"The boy who was meant to be an explorer—became a commercial traveller. The boy who was by instinct a soldier—fought his way in a bank. The boy who was meant to be an engineer and span mighty rivers with mighty bridges—to-day sells machinery and spare parts. Another boy who was meant to be a great naturalist and collector—he collects the rates."

As if this was not enough, Mr. Graham has another anti-climax up his sleeve: the war, taking its toll of these thwarted lives. We get the impression that he does not much care what happens to Freddy and Dolly and the rest; his solicitude is humanitarian, not personal. He never commits himself; the strokes by which he portrays character are delicate and wayward, distinct enough in themselves, but too unrelated to do more than indicate an outline. He avoids any suggestion of finality and stability, and this irresponsibility gives his work a kind of lawless freedom. No one in Under-London takes anything lastingly to heart. Mr. Masters is unfaithful to his wife, and there is a "scene" that moves us; but it would not move us (or her) if we knew how often he was to be unfaithful, how often tearfully taken back. But as an essay à la *recherche du temps perdu* "Under-London" is singularly successful. It recaptures marvelously the interests and outlook of a child; and, if many details seem almost too trivial to record, and there is little reason why we should read one page rather than another, these shortcomings are conditions of the author's method, which is intensely objective and intolerant of imposed simplifications.

Mr. Hichens's stories seem sophisticated and wire-drawn in comparison with the *naïveté* and free movement of "Under-London." One could scarcely take a phrase, certainly not a sentence, from one and imbed it in the other without detection. All the stories are competent and urbane, all perhaps slightly over long. "Façade" is an amusing, sometimes almost a brilliant, farce, as fantastic as "The Londoners," though without its charming absurdities.

Mr. Bramah also can be amusing. Of all Oriental jargons his is the most successful. Unfortunately, there are few instances of it in "The Eyes of Max Carrados." It

The 'Yadil' Treatment for Consumption

An open Letter to Baron Henri de Rothschild

To the BARON HENRI DE ROTHSCHILD
London.

19, SICILIAN AVENUE, W.C.1.

October 17, 1923.

Sir,—

It is reported in the press that you have come to London to obtain financial support from the public for the purpose of producing a certain serum and vaccine for the treatment of consumption. The sum of £100,000 is mentioned as an objective, and it is claimed that given this money enough serum could be produced in eighteen months' time to treat 3,000 consumptives, and that in three years some 10,000 victims of the scourge could have the benefit of this serum treatment.

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I would be glad of an opportunity to submit evidence of the statements made above.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

Alex. Clement

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would be pleasant to have a native style himself one's "slave and docile elephant"; less pleasant, however, to receive the disastrous gift which accompanied those words—the tooth, that is, of Hanuman, the Ape-God. Paradoxically enough, it protected its owner from the innumerable calamities it brought upon his head. In almost all the stories the ingenuity of the criminals obscures their criminality; they go about their misdeeds the most difficult way, and are hardly to be detected, one would think, except by a blind man like Max Carrados.

"Good Hunting" is a book that sets forth the adventures of a philanderer, the ease—indeed the fact—of whose conquests can only be attributed to the numerical preponderance of women over men. Much of the satire is excellent, but the theme is treated too seriously not to be a little repellent.

The white flag to which the title of Mrs. Stratton-Porter's novel refers is an emblem of purity. Held aloft by a mad woman, passers-by were invited to go under it, signifying their unworthiness (if conscious of it) by an inclination of the head. Naturally, the man who had seduced the flag-bearer and become the wealthiest inhabitant of the town declined the ordeal; but he need not have kicked and otherwise mishandled her. "The White Flag" is an amazing story, dealing with almost every form of sudden and violent death.

L. P. HARTLEY.

THE POET AND THE METAPHYSICIAN.

Wordsworth: Lectures and Essays. By H. W. GARROD. (Oxford University Press. 7s. 6d.)

"If anyone thinks that Wordsworth is easy to understand, I shall hope to persuade him that this is not so . . . his teaching has its basis, not only in a definite metaphysic, but also in a defined view as to the place of man in society. . . . I myself am inclined to think Wordsworth one of the hardest of poets. And he is often hardest when he is best," writes Mr. Garrod boldly, in the first essay of his book. It is not the fault of Mr. Garrod's style, which is supple and engaging, nor from lack of knowledge of Wordsworth, over whom he pores with the same scrupulous attention as he would give to Homer, that the "definite metaphysic" of page 11 has dwindled on page 142 to this: "When all is said and done, his theory of the interaction of sense and imagination hangs in air." The trouble lies deeper. An attempt to explain the content of a poem such as the Ode on the "Intimations of Immortality" in prose, in terms which have a precise metaphysical significance, is a forlorn if gallant hope. Small blame to Mr. Garrod if, in the course of the explanation, we have "scientific reason," "higher reason," and "mere reason," when the metaphysician affirms that there is but one reason, and if the mystical reaction of mind upon senses which was the mainspring of Wordsworth's inspiration defies all philosophic definition. The impression we carry away from a reading of the Ode will not be expressed in the terms of metaphysics. Rather, as a brilliant Cambridge scholar said apologetically, when asked to define tragedy, it is an idea which one apprehends only occasionally; and if, at such a time, one attempted a definition of it, one would write something in the nature of a poem.

It is a little regrettable that Mr. Garrod, discussing the Ode, has touched on Plato's doctrine of reminiscence. True, he says "(Wordsworth's) doctrine had a different foundation and a different significance from that which it has in Plato," and, after defining Wordsworth's "sensationalism" and Plato's "intellectualism," decides that "if we are to read the Ode rightly we shall do well to begin by putting Plato out of our minds." But it is he who has let Plato in, and students, who infinitely prefer endless research to the simple submission of their faculties to the experience provided by a poem, will not lightly let him go. They will be scraping up "bits" of Plato, and babbling of *anamnesis*, when they might have discovered a reincarnation of the glamorous and passionate visions of their childhood—"Not in entire forgetfulness, And not in utter nakedness."

It is not possible within a short space to do real justice to the excellence of Mr. Garrod's prose, to the fresh

and charming style which makes his journey over the much-travelled path of Wordsworth's life of absorbing interest. His patient piecing together of the history of Wordsworth's development from "The Prelude" and other poems is admirable; and, amazing feat! he can deal with Godwin, not only without being dull, but with the most entertaining wit. "Shelley somewhere or other tells us that over a long period he never went to sleep without reading a page of 'Political Justice.' My own experience, I feel moved to confess, is the inverse. Over a period, if not long, at any rate tedious, I have never been able to read a page of 'Political Justice' without going to sleep. Nor, I may say plainly and at once, have I ever been able to discover in it anything more noteworthy than the ordinary nonsense of English individualism—carried, however, to a point where it is saved from being silly by becoming definitely insane."

A. M. RITCHIE.

THE PROBLEM OF STABILIZATION.

Stabilization: an Economic Policy for Producers and Consumers. By E. M. H. LLOYD. (Allen & Unwin. 4s. 6d.)

THIS able and stimulating little book, published early in the present year, deserves more attention than it has yet received. More than half of its 128 pages are devoted to monetary problems, and set out with admirable conciseness the course of inflation and deflation in Britain and other countries since the Armistice, the opposite evils of both processes, and the desirability of a "policy of stable money." But two prepossessions of the author lead him to regard the subject from a peculiar angle. Mr. Lloyd is a Socialist by conviction; and by training he is a Civil Servant, whose work during and since the war has lain largely in the sphere of international co-operation. He takes for granted, accordingly, that a policy of stable money must necessarily be international in its scope, and he conceives it as merely a step in a larger policy of stabilization, under which the prices of "a fairly wide range of staple commodities" are to be fixed, and their output to be regulated, "by a similar method of international co-operation and control."

It is obvious that we are a long way from a world in which such a project can be realized. "The chief obstacle," as Mr. Lloyd recognizes, "is that, in spite of the overwhelming lessons of the Great War, the world has not yet acquired the international mind." This, however, is not the only difficulty. Mr. Lloyd demonstrates, in our opinion conclusively, after reviewing one by one the problems of oil, rubber, coal, wheat, cotton, and wool, that the automatic operation of price-changes is "an extraordinarily wasteful and unsatisfactory regulator of supply and demand." But he is on far more doubtful ground when he suggests that price-changes can be dispensed with altogether, and the prices of oil, rubber, coal, wheat, &c. fixed, once for all, in perpetuity. The analogy between a stable general price-level and stable prices for particular commodities must not be pushed too far. The conception of a permanently stable standard of value is logically as desirable, and as compatible with the fundamental facts of a changing world, as is an unvarying standard of length, or weight, or density. But to seek to stereotype the exchange-value of one commodity in terms of others is inconsistent with a world where the relative ease of producing different commodities may be revolutionized by discovery and invention. Our aim here must be limited to removing those short-period variations in prices and production which are not the symptom of an underlying trend of economic forces; and, because of the discrimination which this implies, the task is inherently (i.e., apart from the question of evolving the requisite international machinery) more difficult than Mr. Lloyd seems to imagine.

Such difficulties, we agree, are not sufficient to dispose of the idea; but it is unfortunate that Mr. Lloyd should seek to convey the impression that a policy of stable money belongs to the same category of practicability as the rest of his programme. A stable money policy does not need to be international, though its advantages would be considerably greater if it were. Any particular country could pursue such a policy for itself, if it were prepared to give up



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sort all these shoes out. The Lotus and Delta boots and shoes are not made for the window merely, but—firstly, secondly, thirdly—for wear. Their pronounced good looks are the outcome of sincere leather and faithful workmanship.

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the gold standard altogether; and would reap great gain in the shape of steadier trade conditions, even if it acted alone. Moreover, international co-operation between central banks for this purpose is not nearly so remote from practical politics as the international control of the prices of particular commodities. In the former case the machinery of national control exists, and has only to be applied in concert; in the latter case the machinery of any form of control has still to be evolved.

But all Mr. Lloyd's ideas, though they belong to varying stages of realizability, are worth consideration. He is conscious that his standpoint differs materially from that of most of his fellow-Socialists, "who are primarily concerned with industry." "I am working," he says, "at one end of the tunnel, they at the other. Some day, perhaps, we shall meet in the middle." But is it not a different tunnel altogether at which he is at work? Within the sphere of the individual business, control-conscious human control—exists; everything is arranged and co-ordinated by the will of the management, acting with certain motives, and responsible to the private employer. But over the relations between different businesses no control, broadly speaking, is exercised by anyone at all; everything there is left to be settled by the blind forces of supply and demand. Most proposals for "workers' control, or nationalization, or Guild Socialism," to use Mr. Lloyd's phrase, are concerned solely with the control which is already exercised in the former sphere; they seek to change the persons who exercise it, or the purposes which guide them. But the most important economic evils of the present day originate in the larger sphere, where it is a question, not of transferring powers from one set of people to another, but of winning for mankind a power which it does not yet possess. It is to this sphere that Mr. Lloyd directs our attention; and it is to his credit that he has sketched out a far-reaching programme, which involves nothing that is essentially utopian or patently absurd.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Forty Years in My Bookshop. By WALTER T. SPENCER. Edited, with an Introduction, by THOMAS MOULT. With Illustrations in Colour and Black and White. (Constable. 21s.)

FOR forty years Mr. Spencer has kept a real bookshop in New Oxford Street. A real bookshop is a place where, after knocking over a pile of first editions, you are cordially asked to sit down and talk about Thackeray. Mr. Spencer's book is a record of innumerable such conversations in such surroundings. But his trade has brought him into curious confidential relations with many of the unhappy tribe. Men of letters have always buzzed round the hive, unable often to buy, forced often to sell. Dowson would send a crony in with a poem to be exchanged for a glass of whisky. Alison Cunningham sold him, sadly, no doubt, a brooch with Stevenson's hair. There are recorded, too, the fascinating fluctuations of the market. Henry James is going up; Christina Rossetti is stationary; a book of Mr. Moore's poems costing threepence in 1885 now fetches £33. Lander is rising; William Morris unasked for. A first edition of Gissing's first novel fetched last year £100. Where the rhyme is or the reason, it would be difficult to say.

Wheel-Tracks. By E. G. SOMERVILLE and MARTIN ROSS. (Longmans. 12s. 6d.)

THERE could be no pleasanter companion for a leisure hour than Miss Somerville, with her agreeable pen and pencil, her flow of reminiscences and humorous anecdotes. In this volume she has gathered from her store of memories some hunting stories and some pictures of "the old times and people that had their being before the existence of the Treaty that is responsible for the Irish Free State." The inclusion of some articles and letters by Martin Ross is the excuse for leaving her name in its accustomed place, with Miss Somerville's, on the title-page. The charm of the book lies in its easy transition from one topic to another and its whimsical treatment of each. Its flavour cannot be tested by a currant picked out here and there. It is necessary to see the sketch of the old farmer in order fully to enjoy his

foresight when he said, composedly: "Well, they'll get Home Rule in the latter end, and when once they get it they'll be ateing each other like tigers." And it is a shame to tear from its context the story of Jack Lynch, the fisherman who "got his Grace nicely shucked into a good fish. 'Easy now, yer Grace!' says I. 'Take yer time,' says I, 'don't hurry him at all!' 'But sure I has to go to the Bishop's funeral!' says his Grace. 'Bad cess to ye, Jack Lynch,' says he to me. 'Would ye have me miss the thrain?' says he. 'Easy now, yer Grace! Easy!' says I. 'Arrah, what Bishop?' says I to him. 'To hell with the Bishop!' says I. 'Go easy with the fish now—,' I says—." The book is indeed a work of art, and should be enjoyed as a whole.

The Maritime History of Massachusetts, 1783-1860. By SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON. (Heinemann. 21s.)

THIS is a very good book of a kind in which good books are rare. It is neither a mere catalogue of ships nor a collection of anecdotes, but a well-knit, well-proportioned history, embracing the whole activities of a maritime and mercantile community—shipping, shipbuilding, fisheries, and seaborne trade—from the American Revolution to the clipper ship era. It traces the development of marine architecture and navigation, the opening up of new trade routes, the growth and decay of ports, the rise and fall of great commercial houses, and the intimate connection of maritime activities—both as cause and effect—with the social and political history of New England. Of special interest to English readers will be the chapters dealing with American participation in the neutral trade during the Napoleonic struggle, and with the war of 1812, a war to which Massachusetts was bitterly opposed. There is here much valuable material for students of both British and American history; but the book is not for students alone. On a basis of original research, attested by a full bibliography of published and unpublished sources, the author has built up a narrative that is full of life and colour; indeed, few books give so clear and vivid a picture of the course and methods of trade, of life afloat, of merchant skippers and merchant princes in the sailing era. At times the style becomes a little turgid when it is intended to be specially picturesque; but for the most part it is lively and readable. The illustrations are good and well chosen, including many reproductions of old prints and paintings of ships and ports.

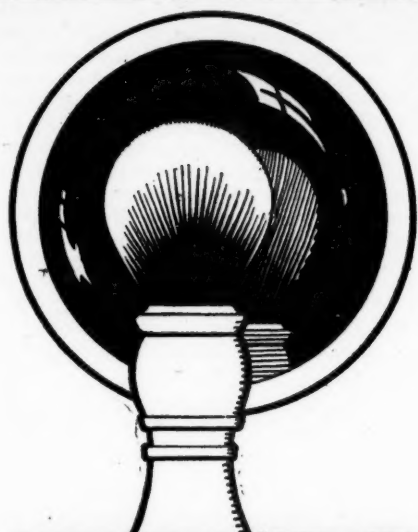
ARCHITECTURE

KINGSWAY AND THE COMMERCIAL IDEA.

AT the present time, when London is the scene of feverish rebuilding to meet the requirements of commerce, it is useful to inquire whither we are being led by the process of fulfilling those requirements. Does the process threaten the amenities and health of the city? The commercial attitude in this matter appears to have behind it three main considerations: First, the economic consideration, the necessity to erect the highest possible building permitted by the building regulations—a necessity dictated by high land values. Secondly, the utilitarian consideration, the necessity to fit into a given cubic space the maximum efficient accommodation. Thirdly, the advertising consideration, the desire to produce an "impressive" building, one that will differentiate it from its surroundings and emphasize the credit of the business which it houses.

The economic consideration, that of size, involves the vexed question of a maximum height for London streets. This fixes an important element in the architectural design, and fixes it without relation to width of street, to the site, or its surroundings; fixes it, in fact, for apparently no more urgent reason than that the appliances of the Fire Brigade are obsolete and immutable. There are many sites in London where buildings of a greater height than that allowed would be reasonable, and many where a height less than the allowance is desirable for architectural and humanitarian reasons.

In an article in *THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM* on August 4th, "The Tragedy of Regent Street," the old Regent Street was referred to as "the most beautiful



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street in the world." The new Quadrant now coming into being the same writer referred to as "a gloomy and ill-proportioned channel of practically square section, which has already in anticipation been described as a drain-pipe." Now the width of the old and the new Regent Street is the same. The height of the buildings in the old street was 48 ft. and the height of those in the new is 80 ft. Relationship of width to height in street shapes is of the essence of street architecture and of the personality of the city. But it is the relationship which is important, not absolute vertical dimension. In New York the Zoning Law fixes the relationship of the height of the façade to the width of the street for town-planning purposes, and recognizes commercial enterprise by permitting, under definite conditions, additional height over the centre of the site.

The second consideration, that of function—with its stressing of good planning—is healthy; and the emphasis on this in modern town-building is a hopeful sign. No architect wishes to stand in the way of the development of organic planning in obedience to the laws of hygiene and accommodation. The lesson of America is that scientific planning makes for great architecture.

The third, the advertising consideration, requires some analysis. Obviously, the desire to hit the eye, to advertise by individuality alone, is bad manners, and bad manners is a cause of bad architecture. Many a harmless and well-behaved building has been rigged out in striking ornamental clothes, in obedience to an advertising impulse, and has succeeded only in contributing to the *ennui* of the streets. On the other hand, the American perception that good proportion is a good advertisement is sound enough. To express in clean, bright, and dignified forms the human and more enduring values at the root of commerce and finance is a form of advertisement that is no menace to the community. But this is rare enough in London. The surprise expressed in many quarters at the strange attractiveness of Bush House is a symptom of our unfamiliarity with the best elements of commercial architecture.

There was a time in England, at the end of the eighteenth century, when town-planning values in street architecture were understood. If the modern Kingsway is compared with the old Regent Street of Nash (now almost disappeared), this becomes evident. It was not an accident that old Regent Street was designed and built as a unit. It had uniformity in general effect, yet diversity and individuality in particular aspects. The result was a compromise, thoroughly British, yet artistically successful and typical of its time. The modern Kingsway, in its turn, mirrors the culture of to-day.

The town-planning idea dictating the lines of the modern Kingsway was good. The street is broad enough for traffic and for dignity, and the quadrant of Aldwych connecting the Strand and Fleet Street is a fine thoroughfare. But at that point our town-planning effort came to an end. The rest was left to the vagaries of individual builders. An almost square street-section is the result, having the same ill effect noticeable in the new Regent Street.

In Kingsway, except at the Aldwych corner, there is no systematic harmony among the buildings, they have no consecutive relationship to their environment or to each other; and if they were to change places in the night, who would be the wiser?

The new Bush House, in this respect also, is an exception to its surroundings. Here the full possibility of an architectural position on the island site upon the axis of Kingsway has been realized and used for legitimate advertisement. This building emphasizes the fundamentals of good architecture by its reliance for effect upon proportion and mass and restraint in detail; it is a reminder that architecture is the art of form in three dimensions.

One English building in Kingsway matches the American. It is Sir John Burnet's Kodak Building. This building is a great achievement in modern commercial architecture. It is a warehouse, and looks like one, yet fulfils its purpose with economy and beauty, so that it is worth looking at as a pure shape also.

Two buildings, however, cannot make a street, and although there are many others of considerable merit, Kingsway is not a unit, and cannot stand comparison with the Rue de Rivoli or the old Regent Street. Yet it is at least a mitigation of the evils of the old. The direction of the modern architectural impulse is a right direction, and only requires understanding and backing by the public. Improvement in our streets can come through public opinion making use of municipal powers to encourage the humanist elements in commercial requirements and to repress the merely strident and monomaniac.

C. C. V.

THE PUBLISHERS' TABLE

DURING November the Oxford University Press will bring out the first volume of Mr. Percy Scholes's "Listeners' History of Music"; "The Principles and Methods of Musical Criticism," by Mr. M. D. Calvocoressi, "in a novel and attractive form"; the first two books of "Oxford Musical Essays," being "Modern Unaccompanied Song," by Mr. Herbert Bedford, and "The Bel Canto," by Mr. Herman Klein; and a volume of the Tudor Church Music series, containing John Taverner's compositions.

* * *

"A DICTIONARY OF MODERN MUSIC AND MUSICIANS" is announced by Messrs. Dent. The editorial committee, with Sir Hugh Allen as chairman, includes Sir Henry Wood, Professor Granville Bantock, and Mr. E. J. Dent; the general editor is Dr. A. Eaglefield Hull. Musical art and biography since 1870 are dealt with in this work; materials have been contributed by sub-editors in the various countries, general articles have been written by experts, and in some cases of much-debated subjects a special committee has compiled the entries.

* * *

FROM the same publishers a new work by Mr. Gordon Craig is shortly forthcoming, in which he reviews his experience in wood-engraving; there will be an ordinary and a select edition. The book is introduced by Mr. Campbell Dodgson, decorated with sixty pages of the author's engravings, and entitled "Woodcuts and some Words."

* * *

MESSRS. MACMILLAN have in advanced preparation "A Tract on Monetary Reform," in which Mr. J. M. Keynes puts forward proposals for the regulation of currency and credit, and examines the main monetary problems of the time.

* * *

NEARLY forty years ago an anonymous book called "Country Conversations" was printed privately, and proved "a source of keen and continual pleasure to Mr. Gladstone." Mr. E. V. Lucas in 1902 drew attention to its agreeable qualities, but it was withheld from publication nevertheless. It is now being added to Mr. John Murray's list.

* * *

In three volumes folio, sumptuously got up, "A Dictionary of English Furniture" is being produced by "Country Life." The editors are Mr. Percy Macquoid and Mr. Ralph Edwards. The subscription price is £14 3s. 6d., to be raised on publication to fifteen guineas.

* * *

THE contributors to "The Merry-Go-Round," a monthly magazine for children which Mr. Basil Blackwell is setting up under Miss Rose Fyleman's editorship, include Mr. de la Mare, Mrs. Katharine Tynan, Mr. A. A. Milne, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, and other respected writers. The first number will appear, at one shilling, on November 1st.

* * *

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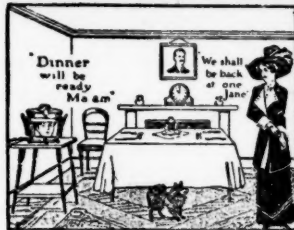
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FORTHCOMING MEETINGS

- Oct.
 Sun. 28. South Place Ethical Society, 11 a.m.—"The Outlook for Internationalism," Mr. J. A. Hobson.
 Unity Church, Upper St., Islington, 11.30 a.m.—"The Bible as Literature," Lecture III., Miss M. S. West.
 Indian Students' Union (112, Gower St.), 5.—Lecture by Miss A. Maude Royden.
 Mon. 29. London School of Economics, 5.—"Franco-German Relations since 1870," Prof. Elie Halévy.
 University College, 5.—"The Teaching of Speech to Deaf Children," Miss Iza Thompson.
 King's College, 5.30.—"Modern Music and the Church," Dr. R. Walker Robson.
 King's College, 5.30.—"Modern Ideas concerning the Discoveries of the Portuguese," Lecture I., Prof. Edgar Prestage.
 King's College, 5.30.—"Czecho-Slovak Financial Policy," Dr. F. Pavlasek.
 Tues. 30. King's College, 5.30.—"Architecture: the Baroque Movement," Prof. P. Dearmer.
 King's College, 5.30.—"Russia before Peter the Great," Lecture IV., Sir Bernard Pares.
 Wed. 31. University College, 3.—"Problems of the 'Inferno,'" Barlow Lecture III., Prof. E. G. Gardner.
 King's College, 5.30.—"The Biological Foundations of Society," Lecture III., Prof. A. Dendy.
 University College, 6.15.—"The Part of Statistics in Civic Education," Newmarch Lecture I., Mr. H. Higgs.
 Nov.
 Thurs. 1. Royal Society, 4.30.—"A Comparison between Certain Features of the Spinal Flexor Reflex and of the Decerebrate Extensor Reflex," Mr. E. G. T. Liddell and Sir C. Sherrington; and other Papers.
 University College, 5.15.—"Comparative Customary Law of Europe and Asia," Lecture I., Prof. de Montmorency.
 King's College, 5.30.—"Hellenism: its Religion and Philosophy," Lecture I., Dr. Edwyn R. Bevan.
 King's College, 5.30.—"The Geography of Spain and Typical Spanish Institutions," Lecture I., Mr. R. Aitken.
 King's College, 5.30.—"Outlines of Byzantine, Near Eastern, and Modern Greek History," Lecture IV., Prof. A. J. Toynbee.
 London School of Economics, 5.30.—"The Problem of London Traffic," Lecture I., Sir Lynden Macassey.
 University College, 5.30.—"Germany and Europe," Dr. G. P. Gooch.
 Fri. 2. Essex (Large) Hall, 8.—"What to do about the Ruhr." Speakers: Dr. Hilda Clark (Chair), Lady Clare Annesley, Herr Dabringhaus (Krupp's), Miss Joan Fry, and others.
 Essex (Small) Hall, 8.—"An American's Outlook on Europe," Mr. O. Garrison Villard.
 Philological Society, 8.—"American Idiom," Prof. F. Newton Scott.
 University College, 8.—"The Fundamental Concepts of Natural Science," Lecture I., Prof. G. D. Hicks.

THE WEEK'S BOOKS

Asterisks are used to indicate those books which are considered to be most interesting to the general reader. Publishers named in parentheses are the London firms from whom books published in the country or abroad may be obtained.

FICTION.

- BALMER (Edwin). *Keegan*. Arnold, 7/6.
 BARNETT (Ada). *The Joyous Adventurer*. Allen & Unwin, 7/6.
 BENNETT (Arnold). *Riceman Steps*. Cassell, 7/6.
 BENSON (E. F.). *Visible and Invisible*. Hutchinson, 7/6.
 BONSELS (Waldemar). *Narren und Helden: Aus den Notizen eines Vagabunden*. Frankfurt a. M., Rütten & Loening.
 BOYLE (C. Nina). *Nor All Thy Sins*. Allen & Unwin, 7/6.
 BRIGHOUSE (Harold). *Captain Shapely*. Chapman & Dodd, 7/6.
 BROWNE (Alice M.). *That Colony of God*. Grant Richards, 7/6.
 BRUCE (Kate Mary). *Clipped Wings*. Heinemann, 7/6.
 COLE (Sophie). *Other People's Secrets*. Mills & Boon, 7/6.
 COLUM (Padraic). *Castle Conquer*. Macmillan, 7/6.
 CURWOOD (James Oliver). *The Last Frontier*. Hodder & Stoughton, 7/6.
 *FICTION AS SHE IS WROTE. By Evos (E. V. Knox). II. Methuen, 6/-.
 FORBES (Rosita). *A Fool's Hell*. Thornton Butterworth, 7/6.
 GARSTIN (Crosbie). *The Owl's House*. Heinemann, 7/6.
 GORDON (Peter). *Rainbows*. Ouseley, 7/6.
 GREGORY (Jackson). *The Wilderness Trail*. Hodder & Stoughton, 7/6.
 GREY (Zane). *Tappan's Burro; and Other Stories*. Hodder & Stoughton, 7/6.
 GWYNNE (H. A.). *The Will and the Bill*. Fisher Unwin, 7/6.
 *HALES (A. G.). *McGlusky the Peacemaker*. Hodder & Stoughton, 7/6.
 HOUGHAM (Arthur). *Gabriel Quelford*. Arnold, 7/6.
 LACRETELE (Jacques de). *Silbermann*. Tr. by Brian Lunn. Benn, 6/-.
 LANGTON (Neville). *Woven in a Prayer Rug*. Hutchinson, 7/6.
 LEE (Jennette). *Happy Island*. Hurst & Blackett, 7/6.

- *LONDON (Jack). *Dutch Courage; and Other Stories*. Mills & Boon, 6/-.
 LORIMER (Norma). *The Shadow of Egypt*. Hutchinson, 7/6.
 *LUCAS (E. V.). *Advisory Ben*. Methuen, 7/6.
 *MORDAUNT (Elinor). *Reputation*. Hutchinson, 7/6.
 NEVILL (John Cranston). *The Gates Are Open*. Arnold, 7/6.
 *NORRIS (Kathleen). *Poor Butterfly*. Heinemann, 7/6.
 *ONIONS (Oliver). *Peace in Our Time*. Chapman & Hall, 7/6.
 *OPPENHEIM (E. Phillips). *The Inevitable Millionaires*. Hodder & Stoughton, 7/6.
 POWYS (Llewelyn). *Ebony and Ivory*. Pref. by Edward Shanks. Grant Richards, 6/-.
 SCOTT (Martin J.). *Mother Machree*. Macmillan, 7/6.
 SEN (Snehalata). *Nehal the Musician; and Other Tales*. Triplicane, Madras, S. Ganesan.
 SHAW-COWLEY (E.). *The Drawn Line*. Lane, 7/6.
 *STERN (G. B.). *Smoke Rings*. Chapman & Hall, 7/6.
 STRIBLING (T. S.). *Pombombo*. Nisbet, 7/6.
 VAN VECHTEN (Carl). *The Blind Bow-Boy*. Grant Richards, 7/6.
 *VON HUTTEN (Baroness). *Pam at Fifty*. Cassell, 7/6.
 WEIGALL (Arthur). *The Garden of Paradise*. Fisher Unwin, 7/6.
 WEYMOUTH (Pearl). *All that Matters*. Palmer, 7/6.
 YEZIERSKA (Anzia). *Children of Loneliness*. Cassell, 7/6.

GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, ANTIQUITIES.

- BARNES (T. Alexander). *Across the Great Craterland to the Congo*. II. Benn, 25/-.
 *BRUCE (Brig-Gen. C. G.), and Others. *The Assault on Mount Everest, 1922*. II. maps. Arnold, 25/-.
 *CANNAN (Gilbert). *Letters from a Distance*. Secker, 10/6.
 *CURZON OF KEDLESTON (Marquess). *Tales of Travel*. II. Hodder & Stoughton, 25/-.
 DRAPER (Warwick). *Chiswick*. II. maps. P. Allan, 25/-.
 HALL (Trowhette). *Spain in Silhouette*. Macmillan, 14/-.
 MORRIS (J. A.). *A Plea for the Retention of the Lister Ward in the Royal Infirmary, Glasgow*. Glasgow, MacLehose, 6d.

BIOGRAPHY.

- *BRADFORD (Admiral Sir Edward E.). *Life of Admiral Sir Arthur Knyvet Wilson*. Pors. Murray, 12/-.
 *CALLWELL (Sir C. E.). *Stray Recollections*. 2 vols. Arnold, 32/-.
 *CARLYLE (Alexander), ed. *Letters of Thomas Carlyle to John Stuart Mill, John Sterling, and Robert Browning*. Fisher Unwin, 25/-.
 *ESHER (Reginald, Viscount). *Ionics*. Murray, 15/-.
 HERVEY. *Hervey, first Bishop of Ely, and some Others of the Name, 1050-1500*. Ipswich, W. E. Harrison, 12/-.
 HORNE (Eric). *What the Butler Winked At*. Werner Laurie, 12/6.
 LARSEN (Hanna Astrup). *Knut Hamsun*. Pors. Gyldendal, 7/6.
 *LE QUEUX (William). *Things I Know about Kings, Celebrities, and Crooks*. II. Nash & Grayson, 12/6.
 *MANNING (Frederic). *The Life of Sir William White*. II. Murray, 21/-.
 PEARCE (Ernest Harold). *Thomas de Cobham, Bishop of Worcester 1317-27*. S.P.C.K., 15/-.
 *RODD (Sir J. Rennell). *Social and Diplomatic Memories: Second Series, 1894-1901: Egypt and Abyssinia*. Arnold, 21/-.
 *SICHEL (Walter). *The Sands of Time: Recollections and Reflections*. 9 II. Hutchinson, 18/-.
 *SPENDER (J. A.). *The Life of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman*. 2 vols. II. Hodder & Stoughton, 42/-.
 TORMAY (Cécile). *An Outlaw's Diary: Part II. The Commune*. II. Philip Allan, 12/6.
 *VACHELL (Horace Annesley). *Fellow-Travellers*. II. Cassell, 12/6.

HISTORY.

- ARMSTRONG (Edward). *History and Art in the Quattrocento*. British Academy (Milford), 1/6.
 *BAILEY (Cyril), ed. *The Legacy of Rome: Essays*. Introd. by H. H. Asquith. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 8/6.
 BARNOUW (A. J.). *Holland under Queen Wilhelmina*. Foreword by E. W. Bok. II. Scribner, 12/6.
 *CHANCE (James Frederick). *The Alliance of Hanover: a Study of British Foreign Policy*. Murray, 21/-.
 *OUR DEBT TO GREECE AND ROME. Cicero and his Influence. By J. C. Rolfe.—Mathematics. By D. E. Smith.—Roman Politics. By F. F. Abbott.—Warfare by Land and Sea. By E. S. McCartney. Harparr, 5/- each.
 PRYCE (Arthur Ivor), ed. *The Diocese of Bangor in the Sixteenth Century: a Digest of the Registers of the Bishops*. Bangor, Jarvis & Foster, 6/-.
 SOMERVELL (D. C.). *Studies in Statesmanship*. Bell, 15/-.
 ACKERMANN (A. S. E.). *Popular Fallacies Explained and Corrected*. Enlarged ed. Old Westminster Press, Regency St., S.W.1, 12/6.
 BARLOW (C. W. C.) and BRYAN (G. H.). *Elementary Mathematical Astronomy*. 3rd ed. University Tutorial Press, 9/6.
 BAUSMAN (Frederick). *Let France Explain*. 2nd ed. revised. Allen & Unwin, 8/6.
 BIERCE (Ambrose). *In the Midst of Life*. Nash & Grayson, 7/6.
 BOISGOBEY (Fortuné du). *The Convict Colonel (International Library)*. Stanley Paul, 2/6.
 BROWNE (Isaac Hawkins). *A Pipe of Tobacco: in Imitation of Six Several Authors*. Ed. by H. F. B. Brett-Smith. Oxford, Blackwell, 3/6.
 *BUTLER (Samuel). *The Shrewsbury Edition. Vol. I. A First Year in Canterbury Settlement, and other Early Essays.—Vol. II. Erewhon*. Cape, 21/- each.
 DE LA MARE (Walter). *Songs of Childhood*. II. by Estella Canziani. Longmans, 6/-.
 *DOUGHTY (C. M.). *Travels in Arabia Deserta*. New Preface. Unabridged ed. 2 vols. Maps and plans. Cape, 63/-.
 *GALSWORTHY (John). *Manston Edition: Vols. I and II. The Forsyte Saga*. Heinemann, 25 guineas the set of 21 vols.
 GARDNER (Edmund G.). *Dante*. Revised Ed. Dent, 3/6.
 GATTY (Mrs. Alfred). *Parables from Nature*. First Four Series. II. R.T.S., 6/-.
 HUDSON (W. H.). *Nature in Downland*. Dent, 6/-.
 RUGEL (Baron F. von). *The Mystical Element of Religion, as studied in St. Catherine of Genoa*. 2 vols. Dent, 35/-.
 *JONES (Ernest). *Papers on Psycho-Analysis*. 3rd ed. Baillière, Tindall & Cox, 25/-.
 KEATS (John). *Odes*. Decorated by Vivien Gribble. Duckworth, 2/6.
 LAWRENCE (F. W. Pethick). *Why Prices Rise and Fall*. Revised Ed. Milford, 2/6.
 *MASFIELD (John). *Gallipoli*. 8th Ed. II. Heinemann, 7/6.
 *MORAND (Paul). *Open All Night*. Tr. by H. B. V. Chapman & Dodd, 7/6.
 MORLEY (John, Viscount). *Politics and History*. Macmillan, 7/6.
 OXENHAM (John). *Mr. Cherry*. Fisher Unwin, 2/6.
 ROHMER (Sax). *Tales of Chinatown*. Cassell, 2/6.
 SIDNEY (Sir Philip). *Complete Works: Vol. III. The Defence of Poets, Political Discourses, &c.* Ed. by Albert Feuillerat. Cambridge Univ. Press, 12/6.
 *SWINBURNE (A. C.). *Atlantia in Calydon*. Medical Society, 15/-.
 WATSON (Mrs.). *Lessons on the Care of Infants (for Use in Schools)*. Revised Ed. Longmans, 6d.

